

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price 6d.; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Post Free, on the Day of Publication. Country and Foreign Readers may be supplied with the unstamped edition in Monthly and Quarterly Parts.

No. 299.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1825.

Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1082. London, 1825. Colburn.

THE second series of the *Sayings and Doings* by (not of) Theodore Hook were published on Monday, and we lose no time in giving an account of the work to our readers. Had we bribed printers for proof sheets, or promised the publisher a puff prelude, we might have written a very elaborate critique on the work a month ago; we, however, are unfortunately not gifted with second sight, and, if we were, we have some John Bullish honesty about us, which teaches us not to praise a book until we have seen it. We are well aware that this is a very old-fashioned practice, but still we shall adhere to it.

The first series of *Sayings and Doings* was really a clever work, and the puffing and quackery of the publisher, Mr. Colburn, gained it a very extensive sale: genius is, however, not like steam; it cannot be produced in any quantity, or be directed to any labour, however honourable or degrading: and hence Mr. Theodore Hook, who first gave us three very good volumes, has now presented the public with three more of a very different character. The tales are, like their predecessors, illustrative of some 'wise saws or modern instance,' and are in number four: they are entitled *The Sutherlands*; *The Man of many Friends*; *Doubts and Fears*; and *Passion and Principle*,—a very long and an excessively dull story, which our readers may wade through if they like, but we will not a second time—'that's flat,' as Falstaff says.

It is a common saying, that we should put the best foot foremost, and the French have a proverb, indicating that the first step is the greatest difficulty. Aware of this, Mr. Theodore Hook has given us his best tale at the commencement of the work. It is entitled '*The Sutherlands*,' and is intended to illustrate the proverbs of 'Look before you leap,' and 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.' Of course, the tale has no reference to the banishing 'a bold peasantry, a country's pride,' in order to make place for sheep, which was some two years ago practised in Scotland by an English nobleman, somewhat intimately associated with the Sutherlands. We say of course, because the author of *Sayings and Doings* knows well on which side his bread is buttered, and, though not a Scotchman we

* A serious, but we hope not a mortal, feud has arisen between Messrs. Taylor and Hessey and Mr. Colburn, the proprietors of *The London and New Monthly Magazines*. The former have decidedly the better of the dispute, and the superlative quackery of Colburn is finely exposed in the last *London Magazine*.—REV.

VOL. VII.

believe, would not stand upright in the presence of a great man, if he thought he would mar his fortune by doing so;—but to our story of the Sutherlands.

Mr. Sutherland, of Ringsworth House, had two sons, George and James, and a daughter Jane. George was of an open and generous disposition; James was a cold, calculating, avaricious young gentleman. George sees a Miss Busbridge at a ball, and, after a courtship of nine days, marries her. James, on the contrary, makes a dead set at a rich heiress, whose father is in India, adding to a fortune which had already reached to £200,000. The story, though the best in the work, is extremely extravagant. We have George Sutherland, a young man of large fortune, after a nine days' courtship, marrying a young girl, the daughter of a man who had been appointed surveyor-general to Poyais, and, finding no Poyais to survey, returns, commits a burglary at Liverpool, for which he is sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, but passes the intermediate time between sentence and deportation at the tread-mill, which no man ever yet did; this humiliation is not, however, enough, for George's wife elopes with one of his own grooms.

James is scarcely less fortunate, for his intended proves to be the illegitimate daughter of Mr. Lazenby, who, instead of a fortune of £200,000, has only £300 a-year, and yet he has purchased her hand by a bribe of £1500 to the mistress of the boarding-school (Belmont Establishment) where she had been educated. This scene is worth quoting. James has received a letter from Mrs. Trainer, the governess, marked private, and inviting him to an interview:—

'James proceeded to the "Establishment," where he found the matron *sola*, and evidently prepared for a solemn discussion of the weighty affair: his eyes wandered round the room for Grace, but Grace was not to be seen.

"I have sent for you, my dear Mr. Sutherland," said Mrs. Trainer, "because I know young hearts are sanguine, and young heads inconsiderate: and if you had heard what I have done, from any body except myself, you would perhaps have blamed me for want of candour, or censured me for want of feeling.—Miss Lazenby has left me."

"Indeed!" said James, and his countenance altered: "whither is she gone?"

"To her father," said the sage matron.

"Without one word at parting?"

"I thought it best,—I had my reasons."

"But I shall see her again."

"Often, I hope," said Mrs. Trainer: "she is a good and amiable girl, and, with her expectations, her modesty and humility are quite exemplary."

"When does she return?" asked James.

"Perhaps not at all; but I have not been unmindful of you, Mr. Sutherland; I saw and knew how both of ye were inclined, and, I think, I may safely say I have done my duty."

"Pray explain," said James.

"The sister of the lady who placed Miss Lazenby with me," continued Mrs. Trainer, "came this morning to fetch her, and take her to London to her father, whose occupations prevented his quitting town. I felt bound, for the sake of my dear Grace, as well as for your's and my own, to explain to that lady my suspicion of an existing attachment between you."

"Did you—indeed!" said James anxiously.

"I did—and I believe, by what I said, I have secured the interest of *that* lady in your behalf."

"But Grace herself?"

"Loves you!" said Mrs. Trainer.

"You flatter me."

"Not I," said Mrs. Trainer: "however, I have written a letter to Mr. Lazenby, detailing the nature and progress of your mutual attachment, exculpating myself from any undue influence over his child's affections; describing, as accurately as I was able, the rank and fortune of her admirer, and expressing a belief that her happiness is deeply involved and intimately connected with the successful termination of the intercourse."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear Mrs. Trainer; how shall I ever repay this kindness?" exclaimed the grateful lover.

"I will tell you how, James Sutherland," answered Mrs. Trainer: "we are now speaking, you know, in strict and perfect confidence; I shall therefore be candid and explicit. I have a son; he married early and imprudently: he has a wife and four children, and is still a subaltern in the army; an opportunity presents itself of purchasing a company for him. I have not the money, *you* have; lend me the necessary sum to accomplish this purpose, and I will secure you Grace Lazenby."

An attack upon James's purse was indeed a most desperate attempt, and he appeared thunderstruck at this very abrupt advance. Could Mrs. Trainer be mercenary, could she have forwarded his views upon Grace with an interested motive; yet was he not, in point of fact, in her power, in so far as that assuredly Mr. Lazenby would consult her and take her advice upon the marriage?

These considerations crowded into James's small and narrow mind in the space of half a minute; but they all made room for another still more touching and immediate inquiry:—"What was the sum she wanted?"

'James, as I before said, instantly saw the importance of Mrs Trainer's good opinion; and although he loved his money dearly, still he was enough of a politician to perceive that the very best way of laying out his capital was that which would secure him the most profitable return; he readily caught at her proposal. It was clear that, by acceding to her desire, he should inevitably secure her by the double tie of fear and gratitude: for if she failed to exert herself sufficiently, exposition to the world, he was resolved, should inevitably ensue.

'But James even refined upon this refinement: he told her that the sum she required was at her service: and, by way of insuring her warmest advocacy, and her most strenuous efforts in his behalf, he explained to her, that she might command the amount as a loan at all events; but that, if he married Grace through her intervention, the bond she would give him as security for the advance, should be cancelled on the day of the wedding.

'Oh, that corruption such as this should rankle under the ivy-covered roof of "Belmont Establishment;" or that a library, well filled with the works of Porteus and Tomline and Horsley should have been the scene of such a transaction! Now could James easily divine why things had occurred at "Belmont Establishment" which had hitherto been inexplicable; now could he more readily understand the intimacy which subsisted between the respectable head of this seminary and Mr. Biggs the attorney, who was perpetually in her house, and who (no sooner said than done) was immediately introduced to forward and complete the arrangement proposed in the present instance by the exemplary guardian of female morality, for the laudable purpose of promoting her only son's interests.

'Mr. Biggs was a prudent, wary, tenacious, taciturn personage, and, as times go, somewhat honest, and who, although retired from business, had been selected by the lady of the house as a gentleman quite to be relied on.

'James felt a degree of awkwardness in opening the business, but Mrs. Trainer explained to him in a corner, that there was no necessity for any confidential conditions in the obligation: she was quite ready to trust to his honour as to returning the bond in the event of the marriage; and that it needed only to be a simple bond for so much money, covenanting on her part to pay certain interest, and repay the principal at a certain period; in short, she talked the matter over with so much tact, and knowledge of the sort of thing, that James felt assured that she was a very prudent long-headed person, not altogether unaccustomed to similar negotiations; and, elated beyond measure with the bright prospects of fortune which this temporary sacrifice opened to his view, the crafty lover gave the necessary directions to Biggs, and in the course of the following day received the valuable document in return for fifteen hundred pounds, which he paid with the greatest satisfaction into the hands of the dame; convinced (as

how could he fail to be?) that in so doing he had laid the foundation of his future wealth and prosperity.

'James, who with all his worldliness had never felt the smallest suspicion of his dear friend Mrs. Trainer, was a good deal puzzled what to make of society, when he found this venerable personage absolutely making a traffic of her pupils; quite certain in his own mind, that one or two girls who had previously married early in life, after having left the "Establishment," had been disposed of in a similar manner.'

The second tale illustrates the proverb of 'Practice is better than precept;' it is long and dull, improbable, and inconsistent, and the story is neither good, nor could we detach a single scene favourable to the author. The third story, which is one of the shortest, is intended to illustrate the adage, 'The tongue of the evil speaker is no slander;' but, in fact, any other proverb might be substituted with great propriety. The last and longest tale is entitled 'Passion and Prejudice,' and the moralist inculcates, or professes to inculcate, that 'That which cannot be cured must be endured,' a truism which few persons will dispute. In this tale, the author introduces us to his acquaintance with India and its customs; the best passage, however, we can select, is that which is descriptive of the shipwreck:—

'A little after midnight (the darkness unmitigated, except by a faint, unfrequent, and distant flash of forked lightning, which seemed itself baffled and driven about by the wind), a huge sea rolling onwards, like a black mountain topped by snow, broke directly on board, to windward, and swept away the launch, the live stock, the caboose, the stanchions, and ring-bolts, tearing up the decks along with them, and leaving them open to the rolling waves, which made regular way over her.

'In the middle of the night, all the star-board main-chain-plates gave way: the fore-runners and tackle were got to secure the mast, but the worst misfortune was yet to occur; a leak was discovered under her stern post, through which, as she rose to meet the coming waves, rushed in at every pitch an awful quantity of water.

'All hands were at the pumps, and it was clear that, unless the ship were lightened, the leak would gain upon them: before daylight the men were fainting from fatigue, and cold and wet, and sank from their labour; the ship seemed rapidly settling, and the waist was ankle deep in water, yet no one dared to sound the bell, lest those who already had begun to despair should, if the report were bad, give themselves up for lost, and, by abandoning themselves to their fate, involve the fate of others.

'In the midst of this most awful storm, there gleamed a pale flickering light upon the topmast head: it seemed to burn, unmoved by the contending gusts around it,—in a moment it shifted to the fore-topmast—then darted back to its old position, having touched the iron ring at the main-yard-arm; the undisturbed serenity of the flame, the striking contrast it afforded to the surrounding

darkness, coupled with the sad time at which they beheld it, rendered this natural phenomenon deeply interesting, if not positively awful.

'Out of her cabin, and of her bed, was dragged the half-lifeless Fanny, by her husband, contrary to her inclination, and in opposition to her earnest prayers, to look on this; his excellency carried his point, as he was wont to do—and called to Welsted to support her ladyship as she stood on the companion-ladder, in obedience to his excellency's command.

'In the horrors of this night, in the midst of hurricanes and tempests, now lifted to the mountain's top, now buried in the fathomless valley of waters below, the ill-fated Fanny leaned once more for support upon the companion of her youth, the beloved of her heart; again did she experience the gentle solicitude which ever marked his conduct towards her; again did she feel the pressure of that hand which she had so often clasped in friendship and affection: he spoke soothingly to her, and though the words he uttered were lost to her ear in the general din, she felt his breath upon her cheek—her feelings overcame her—she fainted in his arms—in the arms of Welsted, who thus was driven, in conjunction with her husband, to carry her into her cabin. The dangers and difficulties of such a proceeding can only be judged by those who have been partakers of it.—She was at length, however, safely placed on her couch, although insensible to every thing around her.

'"She is a bad passenger in a storm, Mr. Welsted," said his excellency.

'A storm, indeed!—not the wild roarings of the mighty waters, not the rude elemental strife, at whose mercy she was, not the forked lightning, nor the pealing thunder, was half so potent as the storm that raged in her own mind—that was the dreadful conflict of passion with principle.

'As soon as day dawned, and the wretched state of the ship, then almost a wreck, was evident, the master gave orders to commence lightening her; all hands were turned up; the bulk-heads forward were knocked down, and all hands set to work to heave cargo overboard. The difficulty of getting at it, as she was then rolling and pitching, was great; but, after half an hour, a chain of hands was formed aft, and bales, and chests, and barrels, and cases, were promiscuously hoisted upon deck, where the foaming waves took them, and swept them into the bosom of the deep.

'All exertions, however, appeared unavailing, and, though the day had been expended in alternately heaving overboard and pumping, the ship laboured just as much, the leaks continued to gain, the men grew fainter, and the storm, if possible, increased;—birds flocked for shelter to the rigging, and the bravest sailor there stood still and trembled.

'At eight at night the master resolved, if possible, to wear ship, without consulting or communing with a human being, conscious as he was, that the experiment was perilous in the extreme, and would, in all probability, be fatal; he gave the word, and, in a mo-

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mentary lull, she went about, without straining a rope-yarn. Hope beamed on his mind then; those who knew not his thoughts, felt increased apprehensions, for she lay in the trough of the sea, rolling gunnel under; no sail set, for none could stand the weather; the small one used to bring her round was blown into ribands from the stay; till, just at midnight, a crash on deck announced the main-mast gone: at one blow, like the stricken deer, she fell toppling with her yards and top-mast over the starboard side; she went about ten feet above the deck, and just above the mizen-stay: and the mizen-mast itself trembled like a reed, as Welsted clung to it, to watch the work of havoc above.

'It was a scene for a painter: the noise was inconceivable, the night inky black, the waves dashing over every part of the vessel. The women, battered down forward, were screaming for mercy, and their cries were mingled with the clashing of axes used by the men cutting away the rigging, by the gleaming light of lanthorns, disposed in the most advantageous points, and the stern bawling of those in command, with the faint reply of others who, in the midst of the stupendous waves, were in the main-chains, over the side, endeavouring to clear the ship of wreck; for the mast clung as it were to the quarter, and the counter beat so heavily upon the main-top, which lay close beneath it, that every moment they expected she would be stove in.

'At this moment three following seas again swept her fore and aft, and a shriek of horror, which overtopped the howlings of the tempest itself, announced some dreadful calamity. All those who were forward were washed at one "fell swoop" from off the bows, and plunged into inevitable destruction. Even Fanny was conscious of the increase of noise, and of a change of motion in the ship; she rushed from her cabin, and caught the arm of her husband, who was encouraging by his presence the hardy sailors in their duty, on the top step of the companion-ladder.

"Sir Frederick," said she, "what is it?—let me—"

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing!" said the general, angrily; "go to bed, Lady Brashleigh; there is no danger—all will be well soon, ma'am."

'Another following sea struck her—and another—it was the last!—the dead lights were shivered into splinters—the stern-frame itself yielded to the shock—the water deluged the decks below, and, carrying every thing before it, burst upwards through the deck itself, driving those who were on the companion, forward.

'Fanny was caught, as she was whirled forward, by Welsted, who seized firmly hold of the binnacle, which broke away from its cleets; Sir Frederick was hurried onward in the mass of waters, and the master of the ship, having uttered an exclamation too clearly indicative that all was over, was seen endeavouring for a moment to "hold on" by the foremast, but, in another instant, the overwhelmed ungovernable ship met a tremendous coming wave, and rose not to meet it—unresisted and unopposed, the huge

mountain burst directly upon her; the contending sea, rushing forward from the stern, met the advancing torrent; the ship plunged forward for a moment, as if struggling with destruction, but the effort was vain, and, forging a-head, she sank at once into the fathomless deep.

'Welsted, who had never let go his precious charge, during the important period in which all this was transacting, had lashed his beloved to the binnacle, himself holding on firmly; and, when the whirl of waters, in which the ship seemed to suck down every thing around it, had a little subsided, he awoke to a consciousness of his situation: the binnacle floated beyond the confines of the horrid abyss, and, upon the surface of the mountainous waves, still floated the fond devoted pair.

'The power of endurance with which humanity is gifted is hardly credible to those who have not suffered; here was the delicate Lady Brashleigh, nurtured with the fondest care, and couched on downy beds, the evening breeze itself too rude to blow upon her, exposed to the tremendous wind and constant drenching of the raging sea, through a night of awful misery. She was unconscious of her situation; and it was with the greatest care and toil that Welsted could sustain her in a position which alone secured her from almost entire immersion in the waves. The sickening and dreadful sameness of mounting rapidly on one high billow, followed by the dreadful and impetuous fall from it, only to rise upon another, and that perhaps the last, had worn her out, and it is doubtful whether, at the time, she was sensible whose arm it was that held her in safety, or upon whose bosom her aching head reclined.

'The day had just begun to dawn, when the sound of a gun, deadened by the storm, as if it were muffled, broke upon Welsted's ear. He raised himself to look, but could see nothing but water—water—water! He thought he had been deceived—he spoke to Fanny—she answered, evidently unconscious of her situation. Again the sound struck him: and the day brightening for a moment, as he mounted on the edge of a high-rolling wave, he caught a glimpse of a vessel near them.

'It was a sloop of war returning to the Cape from India. The doubt, the danger, and the difficulty of their situation now arose from the minuteness of the object upon which they floated, and the almost impossibility of rendering them aid even if they were discovered, in so tempestuous a sea; but it was doomed to be otherwise. The man of war had seen the distressed merchantman on the preceding night, and, missing her in the morning, when it was evident she could not have outsailed her, the guns were fired for the purpose of attracting those who might be (as indeed Fanny and Welsted were) still survivors of the fatal catastrophe which the captain of the brig concluded had occurred.

'It was certain, by the increased loudness of the report of the next gun heard, that the vessel was nearing them. Welsted waved, as well as he was able, the shawl in which Fanny had been enveloped, and which he

disengaged from her for the purpose; but it was almost hopeless to expect so small an object to attract the eye through such a space or at such a distance. It was not seen; yet Providence guided the brig towards the place where the unhappy creatures still existed; they were actually caught sight of—the weather was somewhat more moderate—the gallant bark ploughed the foaming waves, and neared the sufferers.

'Now was the difficult part of the task to do; no boat could live; and even if a rope could be thrown to Welsted, in all probability, the moment the floating wreck came in contact with the larger object, it would be dashed to atoms along with those upon it. The brig got to windward, and, after many fruitless efforts, at length the rope was hove towards Francis—he caught it—every eye now beamed—every heart beat. "Stand by!" was the word—"Fend off!"—"Fend off!"—"easy"—"now"—"now"—"now!"

'The moment came;—the wreck touched the quarters of the brig;—four or five good men, boatswain's mates and captains of tops, were ready to seize it in the main chains—the grasp was firm—the hold was certain—the rope was aboard. "Ease off!"—"Ease off!" was the cry. "Avast!"—"avast there!" sounded in the chains. Fanny was safe on deck—the brig gave a sudden heel to windward—the wreck rose sharply under the chains, and Welsted received a mortal blow on the head at the instant of Fanny's preservation.

'She was senseless. She heard not his death-scream—it was momentary—lost in the gush and rush of waters—he was seen but for an instant. In his agony he raised his hands, and a huge wave, bursting over him, buried him in its black and relentless bosom.'

Although there is always a great deal of common place stuff in what Mr. Theodore Hook writes, and, although he is perpetually sacrificing the probable for *ad captandum* incidents; yet there is considerable cleverness about him, and we therefore feel somewhat surprised that the work before us should be so poor; it is indeed a sad falling off, and three more such volumes would make the world perfectly indifferent to his Sayings and Doings in future.

A Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India; consisting of Twenty-four highly-coloured Views, &c. By LIEUT.-COL. FORREST.

(Concluded from p. 18.)

WE have already spoken in terms of just praise of the beautiful embellishments of this truly splendid work, and all that we can now do is, by a few extracts, to show that the Tour itself is highly interesting. In an account of a visit to the city of Lucknow, we have a curious picture of the manners of the native princes:—

'In the evening the Newab dined with the British resident; he came in state, and the procession, on this occasion, was one of the most striking and magnificent I had yet seen in India. Notice being given of his highness's approach, the resident, with a large suite,

placed himself at the top of the steps, to receive him. About one hundred *hircarrahs*, armed with spears with silver handles and silver maces, preceded, crying aloud his titles; these were followed by several attendants on horseback, and others on foot, carrying flambeaux; then came the body guard, armed with spears and swords. His highness followed these on a superbly caparisoned elephant, and in a splendid howdah or seat. He was accompanied by five of his sons, each on his own elephant, with their respective attendants, and about ten of his principal nobles; the lights placing themselves on each side the steps leading up to the door, where he was received by the resident, and conducted to the drawing-room. During dinner his highness did not appear to have lost his appetite, though he was far outdone by one of his nobles, named Cossine Ali Khan, who sat opposite to me at table, and ate as much certainly as would have satisfied any five English farmers. He was a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches in height, but immensely large, so as to weigh upwards of twenty stone. His own servants brought his dinner, which consisted of a large dish of boiled rice, with butter, spices, and a variety of vegetables, which being all placed in a semicircle before him, he took of the several ingredients, and, mixing up a portion of them with his hand, he began to chuck this into his mouth; part he swallowed, but a large portion was denied entrance by his mustachios, and descended on his plate. What amused me most was, this *bon-vivant*, in the midst of his repast, threw handfuls of this mess on the plates of his fellow nobles, who seemed to receive this substantial mark of his favour with profound respect. He described a favourite dish, of which he often indulged in enumerating the several items, like a professed epicure. He gave also the exact measure of the several ingredients, which amounted in all to seven pounds' weight. After stuffing himself thoroughly, his servant brought a ponderous ewer and bason, when his lordship washed his beard and hands, and, rising with a salaam to his master, retired to take his nap. The Newab retired about nine o'clock: the procession was the same as on his arrival, except that there was a much greater display of flambeaux, almost every attendant, servant, guard, &c. bearing one. The night being very dark added to this scene, and produced a brilliant effect, which time never can efface from my memory.

The following day was the Mahomedan festival of the Ede, corresponding with our Easter, as it is celebrated on the appearance of the new moon, after the month *Ramazan*, which resembles the Lent of the Christians. During its continuance the Mussulmans eat nothing from sunrise to sunset; and some are said to be so punctilious as not even to swallow their saliva during that period. The festivities at the conclusion of the feast are sumptuous: some very curious in their nature; but, in consequence of the death of the Newab's mother, his highness did not attend, and much of the splendour of the festival was lost in consequence.

Another day was dedicated to an elephant fight, and Colonel Forrest, with the rest of the party, set out in the morning from the palace of the Newab, a sort of country house, where there is an area appropriated for the combatants of elephants and other wild beasts:—

An elegant breakfast (says Colonel F.) awaited our arrival; after which we passed to a spacious verandah on the east side of the palace, which looked down into the area prepared for the combat: the latter was nearly surrounded by a paling of bamboo, eighteen or twenty feet high. Soon after we were all seated, the crowd were admitted, and presently filled the circumference of the theatre below us. Two very large war-elephants were now brought forward from opposite sides, each preceded by its favourite female, whose presence, it appears, is necessary to arouse the anger of these noble animals. The conflict of this pair, however, gave little sport, one of them appearing very shy, and inferior to his opponent in strength; they were, therefore, withdrawn. Another pair now advanced, led as the first. These approached with a slow and majestic step, until they caught a glimpse of each other; both then raising their trunks, and uttering a shrill and angry cry, rushed with the most tremendous impetuosity together, presenting their heads to receive the first shock. It was awfully grand. The animals, thus stopped in their first career, still continued to strive, by every possible exertion of strength and art, to force their adversary back, or to attack him in flank. Their heads, however, still were firmly pressed together, and they alternately receded and rallied. One was of rather a smaller size than his antagonist, but he appeared to make up for this deficiency by his greater spirit. He retreated a little for a moment, but it was only to renew the charge with increased rage: again they met; the same tremendous concussion took place, and these attacks were several times repeated, until, in a last and most desperate one, a tooth of the smaller elephant was broken in two with a loud crash. Still he was not dispirited, and would have persevered longer in the contest; but being now so decidedly inferior to his adversary, the fireworks were cast between them, which ended the combat.

The noble animals kept for this sport are unfit, of course, for any other purpose, and are almost ungovernable by their *mahauts*. They are fed, to bring them up in this furious state, on high-seasoned fruit and spices, which in a manner intoxicate them, and render them furious beyond description.

The *mahauts*, or conductors, sit upon the elephant's back during the contest, and too often fall victims to the mad rage of their own animal, or the opposing foe. There is a large pad, like a mattress, strongly fixed on the animal's back, and covered over with a coarse netting of thick white cotton rope; to this the *mahaut* clings, and, as the elephants approach to the attack, the rider gradually recedes towards the tail, where he usually is at the moment of the shock, stimulating the already furious animal with his

voice, and the sharp goad with which the elephant is always driven and guided.

As no extracts we can make can give a just idea of this excellent work, any more than one drop of a magnificent chandelier can enable a person to judge of its beauty, we shall not quote another line, but refer to the volume itself, which, to persons who have visited India, or have friends there, must prove doubly acceptable.

The Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto.

(Continued from p. 67.)

THE world has generally given the *Ablé Sieyes* credit for talents, and the man whose verdict against the life of his sovereign was given in five words, may claim the character of decision; it would appear, however, by the following project of his, for forming a government after that of the three consuls, that he was a very silly politician:—

It was known that the government of *Sieyes* was to terminate in a pinnacle, in a species of monarchical shaft, erected upon republican foundations: an idea to which he had been for a long time attached: an attention and even impatient curiosity was manifested, till at last he discovered the capital of his constitutional edifice. What was *Sieyes'* proposal? A *grand elector*, chosen for life by the conservative senate, sitting at Versailles, representing the majority of the nation, with a revenue of six millions, a guard of three thousand men, and having no other functions than to nominate two consuls, one for *peace*, and another for *war*, both independent of each other in the exercise of their functions. And this *grand elector*, in case of a bad choice, could be absorbed by the senate, which was invested with the right of drawing back into its own body, without explaining its reasons, every depositary of public authority, the two consuls and the *grand elector* not excepted; the latter, having become a member of the senate, would no longer have any direct share in the operations of government.

Here Bonaparte could no longer contain himself; rising up and bursting into a loud laugh, he took the paper from the hands of *Sieyes*, and, with one dash of his pen, *salvée* what he called metaphysical nonsense. *Sieyes*, who generally yielded to, instead of resisting, objections, defended, nevertheless, his *grand elector*; and said that, after all, a king ought to be nothing else. Bonaparte replied, with much warmth, that he mistook the shadow for the substance, the abuse for the principle; that there could not be in the government any active power without an independence founded upon, and defined by, prerogative. He also made several other preconcerted objections, to which *Sieyes* replied very lamely; and becoming gradually more warm, he finished by addressing his colleague thus:—“How could you have supposed, citizen *Sieyes*, that a man of honour, of talent, and of some capacity in affairs, would ever consent to be nothing but a hog fattened up by a few millions in the royal château of Versailles?” Amused by this sally, the members of the conference began to laugh; and *Sieyes*, who had already testified indecision,

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remained confounded, and saw his *grand elector*, sink never to rise again.

Bonaparte was at one time suspected of wishing to favour the return of the Bourbons; or, at least, such a report was in circulation:—

'The king himself, then at Mittau, deceived by his correspondents in Paris, conceived that the favourable moment was come for him to claim his crown; and transmitted to the consul Lebrun, by means of the Abbé de Montesquiou, his secret agent, a letter addressed to Bonaparte, wherein, in the most mincing terms, he endeavoured to convince him of the honour he would acquire by replacing him on the throne of his ancestors. "I can do nothing for France without you," said that prince, "and you cannot contribute to the welfare of France without me. Hasten, then, to undertake the task."

'At the same time the Count d'Artois sent the Duchess de Guiche, a lady of great attraction and talent, from London, in order, on his side, to open a negotiation of a parallel description, by means of Josephine, who was considered the tutelary angel of the royalists and emigrants. She obtained some interviews, and I was informed of them by Josephine herself, who, in conformity to our mutual treaty, cemented by a thousand francs per day, informed me of all that passed in the interior of the château.'

Among the plots against the life of Bonaparte, that of the Infernal Machine was the nearest of proving fatal:—

'The oratorio of the Creation of the World, by Haydn, was announced for the 24th of December, at the opera; all Paris was aware that the First Consul would be present, with his retinue. So profound was the perversity of the conspiracy that the agents of Georges deliberated whether it would not be more certain to station the infernal machine beneath the foundations of the opera pit, in such a manner as to blow up at the same time Bonaparte and the entire *élite* of his government. Whether it was the idea of so horrible a catastrophe, or the uncertainty of destroying the individual against whom such an outrage was designed, which caused the crime to be put off, I am incapable,—indeed, I tremble, to pronounce. Nevertheless an old officer of the marines, named Saint-Régent, assisted by Carbon, called Little Francis, a subaltern, was directed to station the fatal machine in the Rue Saint-Nicaise, which it was necessary for Bonaparte to pass, and to apply the match in time to blow up his carriage. The burning of the match, the effect of the powder and explosion, was all computed by the time which the coachman of the First Consul ordinarily employed in coming from the Tuileries to that upper portion of the Rue Saint Nicaise where the infernal machine was to be placed.

'The Prefect of Police and myself were apprised, the evening before, that there was much whispering in certain clubs of a great blow that was to be struck on the following day. This information was very vague; besides, notices equally alarming were brought to us every day. The First Consul, however, was instantly apprised of it, by our diurnal reports. He at first appeared to

exhibit some hesitation; but, on the report of the counter-police of the palace, that the opera-house had been inspected, and all kinds of precautionary measures taken, he called for his carriage and departed, accompanied by his aids-de-camp. On this occasion, as on so many others, it was Caesar accompanied by his fortune. It is well known that the hope of the conspirators was only baffled by a slight accident. The First Consul's coachman, being half intoxicated on that day, having driven his horses with more than usual celerity, the explosion, which was computed with rigorous precision, was retarded about two seconds, and that scarcely perceptible fraction of time, deducted from the preconcerted time, sufficed to save the life of the First Consul and consolidate his power*.

'Without expressing any astonishment at the event, Bonaparte exclaimed, on hearing the report of the frightful explosion, "that is the infernal machine;" and, without desiring to retrograde or fly, he made his appearance at the opera.'

The situation of Fouché was one of great difficulty—it was a life of intrigue, and his efforts to guard the life of Bonaparte, and to discover the plots against him, did not always satisfy his master. Fouché takes the merit of having given Bonaparte a great deal of good advice, just as Mr. Dallas does with regard to Lord Byron; we suspect, however, that interest, rather than love, swayed both these counsellors. Fouché in favour appears to have been a sincere friend, but, out of it, an implacable enemy: he is very inveterate against Savary, whom he accuses of wishing to sacrifice the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri, instead of the Duc d'Enghein; but the secret of hostility is, perhaps, to be found in Savary having succeeded to Fouché's post, that of Minister of Police. Fouché, restored to power, became more active than ever; and we shall let him give his own account of his system:—

'It was to the central focus of my cabinet that all the great affairs of state, of which I grasped the strings, finally converged. It will not be doubted, that I had salaried spies in all ranks and all orders; I had them of both sexes, hired at the rate of a thousand or two thousand francs per month, according to their importance and their services. I received their reports directly in writing, having a conventional mark. Every three months I communicated my list to the emperor, in order that there might be no double employ-

* 'The infernal machine did not accomplish its design, which was that of destroying the First Consul; but it caused the death of some twenty persons, and wounded fifty-six others, more or less severely. Medical assistance was given to the unfortunate wounded, according to the greater or less severity of their wounds. The *maximum* of that medical assistance was four thousand five hundred francs, and the *minimum* twenty-five francs. The orphans and widows received pensions, as well as the children of those who perished; but only till they arrived at their majority; and then they were to receive two thousand francs for their fitting out.'

ment; and also in order that the nature of the service, occasionally permanent, often temporary, might be rewarded either by places or remunerations.

'As to the department of foreign police, it had two essential objects, namely, to watch friendly powers, and counteract hostile governments. In both cases, it was composed of individuals purchased or pensioned, and commissioned to reside near each government, or in each principal town, independent of numerous secret agents sent into all countries, either by the minister of foreign affairs, or by the emperor himself.

'I also had my foreign spies. It was in my department, also, that the foreign gazettes prohibited to the perusal of the French people, and transcripts of which were sent to me, were treasured up. By that means, I held in my hands the most important strings of foreign politics; and I discharged, in conjunction with the chief of the government, a task capable of controlling or balancing that of the minister charged with the function of foreign relations.

'I was thus far from limiting my duties to *espionnage*. All the state prisons were under my control, as well as the *gendarmérie*. The delivery and the *visa* of passports belonged to me. To me was assigned the duty of overlooking amnestied individuals and foreigners. I established general commissariats in the principal towns of the kingdom, which extended the net-work of the police over the whole of France, and especially our frontiers.

'My police acquired so high a renown, that the world went so far as to pretend that I had, among my secret agents, three nobles of the *ancien régime*, distinguished by princely titles, and who daily communicated to me the result of their observations.

'I confess that such an establishment was expensive; it swallowed up several millions, the funds of which were secretly provided from taxes laid upon gambling and prostitution, and from the granting of passports. Notwithstanding all that has been said against gambling, reflecting and decided minds must allow, that in the actual state of society, the legal converting of vice into profit is a necessary evil. A proof that all the odium attendant upon the measure is not to be attributed exclusively to the republican governments, is, that at the present day, gambling taxes form part of the budget of the old government now re-established. Since it was an unavoidable evil, it became necessary to employ severe regulations, that the disorder might at least be under control. Under the empire, the establishment of which cost nearly four hundred millions of francs, since there were thirty families to be provided with dignities and honours, it became necessary to organize the gambling-houses upon a much larger scale, for the produce of them was not solely destined to reward my moving phalanxes of spies, I nominated a superintendent-general of the gambling-houses in France; Perrein, the elder, who already farmed them, and who, after the coronation, extended his privilege over all the chief towns of the empire, upon condition of paying fourteen mil-

lions yearly, independent of three thousand francs daily to the minister of the police. All, however, did not remain in his hands.

'All these elements of an immense power did not reach my cabinet, there to expire without utility. As I was informed of all, it became my duty to centre in myself the public complaints in order to make known to the head of the government the uneasiness and misfortunes of the state.

'I will not therefore dissemble, that it was in my power to act upon the fear or terror which either more or less constantly agitated the possessor of unlimited power. The great searcher into the state, I could complain, censure, and condemn, for the whole of France. In this point of view, what evils have I not prevented? If I found myself unable to reduce, as was my wish, the general police to a mere scarecrow, or rather to a benevolent institution, I have at least the satisfaction of being able to assert, that I have done more good than ill; that is to say, that I have avoided more evil than it was permitted me to do, having almost always to struggle with the prejudices, the passions, and the furious transports of the chief of the state.

'In my second ministry, I succeeded much more by the force of informations and of apprehension, than by restraint and the employment of coercive measures. I revived the ancient police maxim, namely, that three persons could not meet and speak indiscreetly upon public affairs, without its coming the next day to the ears of the minister of police. Certain it is, that I had the address to make it universally believed that wherever four persons assembled, there, in my pay, were eyes to see and ears to hear. Such a belief, no doubt, tended to general corruption and debasement; but, on the other hand, what evils, what wretchedness, what tears has it prevented? Such then was this vast and terrific machine called the general police of the empire. It may easily be conceived that, without neglecting the details, I was chiefly engaged upon its *ensemble* and its results.'

Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c. By GEORGE DOWNES. 8vo. pp. 51. London, 1824. Baldwin and Co.

ALTHOUGH the author has not given us any poem of particular interest or importance, he exhibits promise of a talent that, if duly cultivated, may enable him to achieve some production of no common merit. We are best pleased with the original pieces, and, in these, we think that the descriptive parts are the best. The following extract from the poem on the Death of Don Carlos, is a fair specimen of the author's talent:—

'Sweet are thy shades, Aranjuez! loveliest thou Of Flora's blossomy realms! the breeze most sweet

That passes o'er thy bowers of blessedness!
The Peri—wafted far on unseen wing
From some fair islet of the eastern wave,
A place of fruits and flowers, by human foot
Untrod, by human hand untitled—drinks
The racy fragrance from each pouting lip

Of thy rich bell-shrubs; keener perfumes these
Than e'er from fairest islet of the east,
Or Banda, or Amboyna, or the shore
Of old Serendib, breathed along the sea,
 wooing the mariner from his homeward course:
 Oft, when the busy hand of evening shuts
 The rainbow petals, she enjoys within
 A soft imprisonment 'till opening morn.
 Sweet are thy shades; and sweet and bright
 and cool

Thy labyrinth of waters, led along
 Thro' many a secret conduit by the hand
 Of cunning artists, 'till each silvery jet
 Shows renovation on the turf beneath.

'And fair were those two youthful forms that late

Thro' bless'd Aranjuez wandered: emblems true,

In beauty and in fate, of those young forms
 Lived in the trellised foliage that enwove
 The bower where last they met;—a linden *he*,
 Graceful and green and fresh and vigorous,
 Transmitted thro' whose leaf the sunlight melts
 To emerald lustre,—but whose leaf, alas!
 Earliest of all its brothers of the grove,
 Is wasted by the worm! The cistus gave
 The fairness of *her* cheek; the cistus gave
 The semblance of that cheek's decay—its flower,

Perishing as fair, oft scattered in the sigh
 Breathed by the wood-nymph as she flits along.
 In early youth they loved, and Fortune seemed
 Propitious to their love, and Hymen bade
 The nuptial torch be lighted, and the wreath
 Of flowerets be enwoven to adorn
 Elizabeth's young brow; and Carlos wore
 His happiest smile,—his happiest, and the last
 That lit his features—for the despot came!
 Dim grew the torch—faded the nuptial wreath,
 When Philip seized his son's betrothed, and bore

The shrinking victim to his altar-throne!

Having given this picture of southern scenery, we will now present our readers with one of an opposite description, from the 'Expedition to the North Pole':—

'Few are the shores that greet you on your way.

Remotest land—if land it may be called,
 Where snows and snows and snows uninter-

rupt
 Shroud the dead soil—dull Spitzbergen usurps
 A portion from the waters: towering high
 Its pyramids of ice, at distance viewed
 By the lone Scandinavian, as he plies
 His twilight bark, seem to his startled gaze
 The tents unearthly of that giant race,
 The Jotuns; who, as ancient Sagas tell,
 By Odin and his Caspian followers
 Driven from their homes, fled northward to-

wards the sea,
 And, 'mid the isles of ice that gird the pole,
 A perilous shelter found. Remotest land,
 If land it may be called, where never yet
 Dwelt man,—an outcast land, which no man
 owns,—

A land unhonoured by the proud bright name,
 My native country! He, the Russ alone,
 Fit denizen of stormy climes, repairs
 To chase the white bear from his solitudes—
 Himself, perhaps, to fall beneath the shaft
 From death's unerring string; the whiten'd
 bones,

By seamen found upon the charnel shore,
 Are their own epitaph. O rest not here,
 Adventurous mariners! onward, onward still!

'There is a region where the cloud-king holds
 His elemental sway 'mid night and storms,

Unchecked by aught which in soft southern
 climes

Limits his empire. There no fervid beam
 Dispels the mist; no sportive summer breeze
 Chases the vapour from the mountain's brow:
 Within those valleys drear was never heard
 The pipe of pastoral swain; the bleating flock
 Within those valleys—never! but the howl
 Of famished bears re-echoes fearfully.

No Naiad, hiding in the sedgy stream,
 Carols her lay by mortal ear misdeemed
 The music of the waters—but hoarse floods
 From peaks of ice precipitously dash.

Yet, Greenland, tho' thy desolate extent,
 Beyond the smile of nature flung afar,
 Sullen and cheerless lies, I love thee still,
 Land of my Christian brethren! for the word
 Of life hath visited thy frozen shores,
 And made thy desolate places sing for joy!
 Bless'd be their labours who have won for thee
 The blessed privilege to know thy God!
 Righteous crusaders they (no red-cross knights
 Like those of old, whose baptism was of blood,
 The sword *their* eloquence), with accents mild
 Conquering the rugged heart. For this they
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The bosom of domestic life, and all
 The joys and comforts of a milder clime:
 Content to dwell 'mid forms and sights un-

couth.
 Courting privation, misery *his* bliss,
 The patient missionary toils and toils,
 And reaps his harvest in another world.'

Illustrations of Lying, in all its Branches. By AMELIA OPIE. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 556. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

It has been said, and from a very high authority, that we cannot serve God and Mammon; yet still there are many people who try to make this compromise of feeling and principle; and we trust we shall not be suspected of any want of gallantry, if we accuse our fair friend, Mrs. Opie, of this species of trimming. It is, perhaps, not necessary to relate to our readers that this lady has lately joined the Society of Friends, as the adherents of the principles of George Fox are called. Until of late years, painting and poetry were prohibited occupations of this sect. Benjamin West could not be allowed to exert his youthful talents in the fine arts until the permission of a Quaker council was obtained; and poor Scott of Amwell, the first Quaker poet, excited the anger of his sect for wooing the muses. Mrs. Opie seems to have felt this, and, as she is not very confident how closely her straight-laced creed may sit upon her, she is prudent enough not to quarrel with her former friends, the novel-reading public;—the result has been the production of a sort of milk-and-water work, in which there is little to censure, and still less to praise.

Mrs. Opie has divided her subject into various branches, illustrative of the various species of lying. It is, however, a revolting subject, and we propose to get rid of it by selecting one of the shortest of these tales, entitled a Tale of Potted Sprats, which comes under the head of lies falsely called Lies of Benevolence:—

'These,' says Mrs. Opie, 'are lies which are occasioned by a selfish dread of losing favour and provoking displeasure, by speak-

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ing the truth, rather than by real benevolence. Persons, calling themselves benevolent, withhold disagreeable truths, and utter agreeable falsehoods, from a wish to give pleasure, or to avoid giving pain. If you say that you are looking ill, they tell you that you are looking well. If you express a fear that you are growing corpulent, they say that you are only just as fat as you ought to be. If you are hoarse in singing, and painfully conscious of it, they declare that they did not perceive it. And this, not from the desire of flattering you, or from the malignant one of wishing to render you ridiculous, by imposing on your credulity, but from the desire of making you pleased with yourself. In short, they lay it down as a rule, that you must never scruple to sacrifice the truth, when the alternative is, giving the slightest pain or mortification to any one.

I shall leave my readers to decide whether the lies of fear or benevolence preponderate in the following trifling but characteristic anecdote:—

A Tale of Potted Sprats.

Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book, and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country-house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary lore, but in economy; and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste or carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve, for occasional use.

Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was put before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it; but it had only one peculiarity;—it had a strong flavour of garlic, and to garlic the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman; and good breeding, and what she called benevolence, said, “persevere and swallow,” though her palate said no. “Is it not excellent?” said the hostess.—“Very,” faltered out the half-suffocated guest;—and this was lie the first. “Did you ever eat any thing like it before?”—“Never,” replied the other more firmly; for then she knew that she spoke the truth, and *longing* to add, “and I hope I never shall eat any thing like it again.”—“I will give you the receipt,” said the lady kindly; “it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper; for it is economical, as well as good, and serves to make out, when we have a scrap dinner. My servants often dine on it.”—“I wonder you can get any servants to live with you,” thought the guest; “but I dare say you do not get any one to stay long!”—“You do not, however, eat as if you liked it.” “Oh, yes, indeed, I do, very much,” (lie the second) she replied; “but you forget I have already eaten a good dinner!” (lie the third. Alas! what had benevolence, so called, to answer for on this occasion!)

“Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats,” said the flattered hostess, while the cloth was removing; adding, “John! do not let these sprats be eaten in the kitchen!” an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the country-house, or cottage. When they were seated in the carriage, a large box was put in, and the guest fancied she smelt garlic; but—

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

She therefore asked no question; but tried to enjoy the present, regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait their horses. There the guest expected that they should get out and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observed, “I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me.” So saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. He then unpacked the box, took out of it knives and forks, plates, &c., and also a jar, which, impregnating the air with its effluvia, even before it was opened, disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats!

“Alas!” thought she, “Pandora’s box was nothing to this! for in that Hope remained behind; but at the bottom of this is Despair!” In vain did the unhappy lady declare (lie the fourth) that “she had no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she never ate in the morning.” Her hostess would take no denial. However, she contrived to get a piece of sprat down, enveloped in bread; and the rest she threw out of the window, when her companion was looking another way—who, however, on turning round, exclaimed, “So, you have soon despatched the first! let me give you another; do not refuse, because you think they are nearly finished; I assure you there are several left; and (delightful information!) we shall have a fresh supply to-morrow!” However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough; and the travellers proceeded to their journey’s end.

This day, the sprats did not appear at dinner;—but there being only a few left, they were kept for a *bonne bouche*, and reserved for supper! a meal of which, this evening, on account of indisposition, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would fain have declined eating also; but it was impossible,—she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an *early dinner*. There was therefore no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her; and eat she must: but, when she again smelt on her plate the nauseous composition which, being near the bottom of the pot, was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more; the scarcely-tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately

into the open air, almost disposed to excrete, in her heart, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even benevolence itself.

In conclusion, we advise Mrs. Opie either to enter into the spirit and feelings of the sect with which she has associated herself, or to renounce it altogether.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1824. 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Our worthy friend and contemporary, Sylvanus Urban, the father of periodicals, once borrowed a review from our pages, which he honestly acknowledged.* We, for the first time, shall follow his example, and quote from his own pages a review of the Annual Biography. We do this for two reasons: first, to expose impudent quackery and piracy; and secondly, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s. A more slovenly or incomplete work than this said Annual Biography we never saw; how far it is original the following notice from the last number of the Gentleman’s Magazine will show:

“In the preface to our last volume we noticed the extensive piracy from our Obituary, committed by the copyist (for editor we cannot call him) of the Annual Biography. We now take the pruning-hook of Sylvanus, and proceed to substantiate our charge.

“The memoir of our highly-respected friend the Rev. Thomas Maurice, has been taken from our numbers; and the copyist has had the assurance to appropriate to himself the merit (which belongs to us) of having collected additional anecdotes respecting our friend, to incorporate with those taken from the “Memoirs of an Author.” The copyist has added to our memoir the beautiful epitaph which we referred to as having been printed in a former volume. Our readers will be surprised when we state that 15 pages of this memoir have been pillaged from us almost *verbatim et literatim*, without acknowledgment. Are we thus to incur labour and expense in procuring faithful memoirs, and allow them to be converted to the profit of a literary marauder? Our readers will recollect the declaration of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), that booksellers drank wine out of the skulls of poets; but we trust that the labours of our brains will not henceforth go to the enrichment of idle editors, without exposure.

“The copyist for the Annual Biography is the most ungrateful pirate we ever encountered. He might have been content with the profits accruing to him from stolen goods, and have allowed us the merit! but no; he deprives us even of that small share.

“The memoir of Charles Grant, Esq. consists of 31 pages; of which *twenty-three* have been copied from our vol. xciii. ii. pp. 561—569, without acknowledgment.

“The memoirs of Sir Edward Buller, Bart.

* By the bye, a correspondent of the said worthy old gentleman has been less candid in his account of Christmas Festivals, where he has copied largely from No. 32 of *The Literary Chronicle*.

and Admiral Russell, the former of which occupies 8 pages, and the latter 13, have been taken from vol. xciv. i. p. 465 *et seq.* and part ii. pp. 369—373. That of Baron Masères, which consists of 11 pages, has been printed *verbatim et liberatim* from vol. xciv. i. p. 569 *et seq.*

The principal part of the memoir of Joseph Marryatt, Esq. was copied from vol. xciv. i. pp. 472—374: and the memoir of Lord Erskine, in vol. xciii. ii. pp. 553—558, forms the basis of the memoir in the Annual Biography. Of this we do not complain; but when we see whole pages and sheets of our property bodily introduced without the slightest acknowledgment, we think it high time that some serious notice should be taken.

The only memoirs, the sources of which are acknowledged, are these, 1. *Rev. Thomas Rennell*, from the Christian Remembrancer, the language of which acknowledgment is copied from us, and hence it appears that the copyist did not see the Christian Remembrancer, but relied on our accuracy.—2. *William Sharpe, Esq.* This memoir is ushered in with a puff for the European Magazine, whence the most material parts of the memoir are copied.—3. *Rev. J. J. Conybeare*. Of this memoir, which originally appeared in the Annals of Philosophy, we gave an abridgment in vol. xciv. ii. pp. 376—378.—4. *Percy B. Shelley*, taken from a note in Medwin's Conversations of Byron.—We think we have an equal right with any of the above publications to an acknowledgment, and we might add a greater right, when the extent of the piracy is considered.

The memoir of Lord Byron, which is of great extent, is compiled from Dallas's Recollections, Medwin's Conversations, Murray's Answer (whose letters are given), &c.

We now proceed to the "Biographical Index of Deaths for 1824." [Here the reviewer claims thirty-nine.]

In the memoir of Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield, we observed that in vol. xciii. ii. p. 178, "we have inserted several particulars of the life of this exemplary prelate, which renders it unnecessary to repeat them here."—These words have been copied into the Annual Biography, only altering the reference to our previous volume into "our last volume, pp. 424 and 425," which also proves that the memoir of Marquis Cornwallis in Annual Biography of 1824, was copied from us.

The additional facts in the Dictionary of Musicians have not been made use of in the memoirs of Mr. John Day and Mr. H. Smart, which shows what research has been adopted in the compilation of this volume.

The interesting memoir of Sir H. B. Dudley, taken from vol. xciv. i. p. 273 *et seq.* and 638, has been sadly mutilated in some parts.

In the memoir of M. Gregson, Esq. the copyist no doubt forgot to state that Mr. Gregson was "for many years a valued correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine." The memoir of Thomas Viscount Hampden should have accompanied that of his brother John Viscount Hampden; and would prob-

ably have so done, had our number for November appeared in time.

In the memoir of Dr. Lempriere, taken from vol. xciv. i. 283, we vindicated the learned doctor from the aspersions of his enemies. The editor has adopted the vindication as his own.

In extracting the memoir of the Rev. W. Madan, the copyist had the modesty to put it in inverted commas. It would have been too barefaced to have given the pious effusion of our respected correspondent as a contribution to his own work.

The memoir of Mr. Hugh O'Neil is imperfect, because the facts in vol. xciv. ii. 566, have not been incorporated.

We wonder that the copyist's presumption did not allow him to give the concluding sentence of the memoir of William Osgoode, Esq. as it appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine. It would have been rather a bold stroke.

A highly respectable contemporary 'quoting our memoir of Edward Peart, M.D. 'had the candour to state that "a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine says," &c.; but the wholesale pirate who has conducted the Annual Biography has neither candour nor modesty.

We abridged the memoir of M. Quill, Esq. from a very long one in the New Times, with due acknowledgment; but this copyist has adopted our abridgment without noticing the acknowledgment.

In the memoir of Baron Wood, we acknowledged abridging the character of him from a provincial paper; which abridgment is adopted, though the acknowledgment is of course omitted. We wish the copyist for the Annual Biography would specify from what paper we abridged the character.

If extracting from us matter sufficient to occupy seventy pages of the Annual Biography in the larger-sized type, together with forty pages in the smaller type, is not a *clear case of piracy*, we would ask the sapient copyist what is it?

We shall conclude with stating, that in many respects the work is very deficient. We could enumerate a host of worthies, of whom no memoirs are to be found in this work; but which may be seen in our Obituary.

In the notice of Mr. Holditch's death, it is stated that he wrote the "History of Rowland Abbey." Now, with all our knowledge of topography, we never heard of such a place; and we wonder the copyist himself should never have heard of the fame of Rowland Abbey, the history of which was written by Mr. Holditch.

ORIGINAL.

EXPOSURE OF A DANGEROUS INNOVATION.

MR. EDITOR,—Loth as I am to appear in the character of an alarmist, I cannot help performing what I consider to be a public duty, by exposing an exceedingly vile and insidious attempt to destroy our reverence for the laws of our country, in an article in the last number of the Westminster Review, on Livingston's project of a new Penal Code for the State of Louisiana. The object of

the writer of this most pestiferous and profligate paper is neither more nor less than to recommend to us to remodel and improve that which has justly been pronounced the 'perfection of wisdom.' The signs of the times, Mr. Editor, are indeed awful, and such as no thinking man can contemplate without dread: for my own part, I think that a moral and political volcano is about to break forth; that we are on the eve of a universal earthquake, that a general inundation of the most horrible doctrines will shortly overwhelm us, that a tremendous hurricane threatens to sweep away our prejudices and our principles, that a conflagration of philosophy and radicalism will devastate the whole globe, and that old chaos will come again. Improvement, *alias* innovation, stares us in the face every where; but why cannot we let things be as they were? Wherefore should we set ourselves up as being so much wiser than our forefathers, or attempt to improve upon their excellent institutions. We have hitherto gone on well, very well; but it seems, forsooth, that we must go on better. There is nothing now-a-days secure from the prying and impertinent curiosity of the vulgar—among whom I take the liberty of placing both Livingston and his notable reviewer; such gentry would lay open to public gaze all the secret springs and movements of that complicated piece of machinery, society: nay, it seems that they would even take it all to pieces; but I fear that they will only realize the story of the idiot and his watch, which he spoiled by trying to find out whether he could not see the ticking in the inside of it.

The review-writer in the Westminster would doubtless have us, to use his own horrible language, 'abandon, without reserve and without fear, the prejudices and errors of past ages, handed down under the imposing names of the wisdom and experience of our forefathers; rejecting the crude and contradictory and weak and cruel laws which are imposed by ignorance and passion, and projecting a penal code, uniform, consistent, and mild!' What think you of this, sir; can you for one moment doubt whether this man has a cloven foot? You will, I feel assured, join with me in my abhorrence of all such projectors. But let us examine some of the principles of this precious code, which, it seems, he cannot sufficiently admire or extol: one of these is, 'that penal laws should be written in plain language, clearly and unequivocally expressed, in order that they may be neither misunderstood nor perverted; that they should be so concise as to be remembered with ease; and all the technical phrases and words they contain, should be clearly defined, &c.' Indignant as I am, it almost moves me to mirth to read such stuff;—laws clearly and unequivocally expressed, and so concise as to be remembered with ease!! Why, sir, at this rate, we should soon be reduced to the barbarous state of having only a single gaol. Obscurity has always been allowed to be one source of the sublime: and of this quality the law has hitherto possessed a most comfortable share. Law, as I think a man who sets up for a legislator ought to

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know, is not a science, but a mystery: its language is accordingly, like that of the oracles of old, most cautiously ambiguous, so that it inspires an instinctive awe and reverence in the uninitiated, the profane vulgar. But let me proceed—that is, if the horror which I feel will permit me to hold my pen, while I write down such pestilential doctrine. Another fundamental principle of this new-fangled code is, ‘that such a system of procedure in criminal cases should be established as to be understood without long study; that it should neither suffer the guilty to escape by formal objections, nor involve the innocent in difficulty by errors in pleading.’ This is, if possible, still worse: why, this fellow would Mac-Adamize law, and have it a plain, level, straight-forward, turn-pike-road, without a single bend or winding. The man has no feeling whatever for the *picturesque*, and would probably not hesitate to denominate crooked ways, those elegant and graceful sinuosities, those serpentine curves, and those pleasingly abrupt angles, that impart such variety and spirit to what would otherwise be most dull and monotonous. He has as little taste as a Chinese painter, for he would have all light, and no shadow; nor would he permit one of those forcible contrasts—I suppose he would term them contradictions—that contribute so much to effect.

This unpicturesque way of legislating may do very well for such barbarous and tasteless animals as those who inhabit the new world, but, believe me, it will never suit those of the old. A mushroom people, possessing no ancient institutions, may affect to despise all that is venerable—all that has been consecrated by ages.

‘This code,’ says the reviewer, ‘is so framed that it may be thoroughly understood by every member of the community. With this view, it is expressed in the language of common parlance*; technical terms are never used when other expressions could be framed to give the same idea: technical terms, however, in many instances are unavoidable; therefore, whenever a phrase or word is either ambiguous or employed in any other sense than that which is given to it in common discourse, it is, in this code, printed in a particular character, which serves as a notice that it is defined and explained. When these definitions shall have been completed, it is intended to submit them to men unversed in the language of the law, and every word not fully understood by them is to be marked for explanation.’ So, then, it seems, according to the sagacity of these people, law ought to be written in such a language that he who runs may read, and to be rendered ‘intelligible to the meanest capacity.’ This really out-Herods Herod: at this rate, we may

* One expression in this article indeed fills me with disgust and horror: ‘the jargon of the English law.’ Is it to be endured that the elegant, significant, and mellifluous language, peculiar to those initiated in the law, should be thus designated? Would this leveller have it reduced to a par with our vulgar mother tongue?

shortly expect to meet with an advertisement equalling in extravagance those of Mr. Hamilton, who professes to render a person a perfect polyglot in a twelvemonth; and telling us that the language of the law may be acquired, I suppose, in two years. Is not this alarming and awful, for who can look forward to the future without foreboding and dismay, when he even contemplates the remotest possibility of such a profanation occurring among ourselves?

Another most precious maxim is, ‘that whenever, from public opinion, or any other cause, a penal law cannot be carried into execution, it should be repealed.’ We, thank Heaven, act more wisely, and have the good sense carefully to preserve all our old laws. Such people as this Mr. Edward Livingston may perhaps term dead statutes mere lumber and incumbrances; but we keep them for ornament, just as a prudent housewife decorates her chimney-piece with old broken teacups, and other pieces of crockery, after they have become unfit for service.

But I now come to what the wiseacre of a reviewer terms momentous words, which he has chosen to print in capitals, on account, I presume, of their monstrous absurdity: your criminal code is no longer to be the study of a select few; it is not the design of its formers that it should be exclusively the study even of our own sex; and it is particularly desirable that it should become a branch of early education for our youth!! Is not this at once most shocking and most ridiculous? Is it possible to conceive greater fatuity than that which recommends the study of law to women and children? Here is innovation with a vengeance: instead of studying the good orthodox precepts of Mrs. Rundall and Dr. Kitchiner, wives are to be conning a penal code, which, I suppose, means a code for plaguing their husbands; and little boys and girls are to become adepts in the criminal law, and qualified for wearing judges’ wigs. I think, sir,—and, if you are a reasonable man, I am sure you will agree with me,—that a woman knows enough of what ought to be her law, when she knows her husband’s will. And, as to girls, let them amuse themselves as much as they please by scribbling in albums, painting fire-screens, and fingering pianos, but, for Heaven’s sake, let neither them nor boys have any thing to do with penal codes.

Did I not fear that my letter would be inconveniently long, there are many other mischievous principles on which I should animadvert; but what I have already said may serve as a public caution, and let us hope that writings of so dangerous a tendency will not be permitted to circulate among us. It is high time that we should have a censorship of the press,—a literary inquisition, and an *index expurgatorius*. Instead of our laws being too complicated, they will often be found too simple; instead of being too numerous they are rather too few. I am fully convinced, sir, that the world grows worse and worse every day, and that some very coercive measures ought to be adopted for hindering idle people from prying into, and meddling with, the arcana of the laws.—My advice is, let us

leave law to the lawyers, and then, depend upon it, we shall never hear of either its errors or defects. Your’s, &c.

CENSOR MINIMUS.

ST. CLEMENT DANES—DR. RADCLIFFE—
BETTERTON—THE BULL’S HEAD.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—The anecdote introduced in your number for January 29th last, of the celebrated, but eccentric, Dr. Radcliffe, in your notice of the republished work of the late unfortunate Mr. Edward Deyes, has involuntarily led my thoughts away from its professed subjects—Yorkshire and Derbyshire, to the ancient kingdom of *Cockaigne*, and to one particular parish of it, viz. St. Clement Danes, which was, or rather a certain tavern in it, much frequented by Dr. Radcliffe, in his day, as well as the Mitre in Fleet Street, mentioned in the anecdote of Savil. Perhaps a few remarks on parts of that parish, and on Dr. Radcliffe, may not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

In the first place, this same parish of St. Clement Danes has some claim to your especial notice, inasmuch as your paper is both printed and published in it; and your printing-office is within a few houses of one which was anciently a receiving-house for communications sent to the *Spectator*, then called the Trumpet Tavern, I believe, but now the Duke of York public-house—classic ground this, of course. It is curious to observe what a century has done in changing this neighbourhood, as indeed it has many others. This was quite the *west-end*, or at least part and parcel of it, in the time of Radcliffe and the *Spectator*; the noble families of Norfolk, Essex, Craven, and Beaufort, lived on their estates here, now marked only by their respective names in Norfolk and Essex Streets, and Beaufort and Craven Buildings.

Spode’s immense depot for earthenware, glass, &c. was the Lincoln’s Inn Fields Theatre, and the mass of buildings in the centre of that (now) filthy place, Bear Yard, consisting of carpenters’ work-shops, stabling, cow-houses, and I know not what besides, was of yore the Duke’s Theatre, where the first female who ever trod the boards of a public stage made her appearance. And this brings me to the much-frequented haunt of Dr. Radcliffe, the nobility, and principal theatrical characters of that time; it is now called the Bull’s Head, quite a common public-house, the resort of journeymen carpenters and bakers, who may be seen in rooms where noblemen have toasted the beauties of the seventeenth century,—where they sported their princely bets, we see men playing at penny dominos, with short pipes in their mouths, and a pot of half and half, or *heavy wet*, between them. In a work published just after the death of Dr. Radcliffe, I have seen it called the Bull Head, but it is evidently the same house, or rather one half of it, for the tavern was originally twice the size of the present house. The front is in Vere Street, Clare Market, and it has still a back entrance in Bear Yard, which, in the flourishing days of the theatre and the tavern,

must have been very convenient for the performers, who might slip out of the stage-door into the tavern, almost without wetting their shoes; for the carriage-way in Bear Yard is very narrow, and must have puzzled the Jehus of that time exceedingly in their whipping operations;—but, upon recollection, chairs were then the order of the night for the gentry.

About twelve months ago, I made some inquiry of a very civil man, Thrupp (since dead), the landlord of the Bull's Head, as to the tradition of the house, and its connection with the theatre; and he told me that he had some of the stage properties still about the house, and would have shown them to me had I possessed any taste for antiquities of this sort; but I declined the dusty search: yet to some collectors they might be valuable, perhaps to Charles Mathews, who has a museum, *I guess*. But, really, when I look at that particular neighbourhood in its present state, and think of this house having been the almost nightly resort of the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Craven, Dr. Radcliffe, Betterton the tragedian, and I know not how many more of the first *bon vivants* of the latter part of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, I can scarcely believe it possible; but so it was. Certainly the great of those days were not so fastidious as to the neighbourhood of a market, as they are now, for it must be recollected that Clare Market was situated then as it is in the present day; and, assuredly, you would not easily persuade a modern man of fashion to pay it a visit.

But, to return to Dr. Radcliffe: he appears to have been the Abernethy of his day in point of bluntness, but with much less acerbity, and very much less distaste to drinking; for, truth to say, he was a *wet one*, and yet, as it should seem by his cures, possessed of vast abilities, and, for the age in which he lived, his fees seem to have been enormous: seldom less, and often much more, than five guineas a visit, as will appear by the latter part of the following anecdote of him and Betterton:—

'A venture had been projected, to be sent by a vessel then called an *interloper*, for the East Indies (a sort of smuggling concern, I suppose), in which Betterton, who had amassed a considerable sum by the success of his professional exertions, and who, it seems, wanted to get rich all at once, risked £2,000; being in the habit of meeting Dr. Radcliffe so continually, and deeming, as do some of the present holders of mine shares, that he should have a golden return for his advance, he persuaded the latter, by many cogent reasons, to come forward with a larger sum. The doctor consented, and disbursed 5,000l. expecting at least a threefold return, if the ship came back safe. The voyage was prosperous till the homeward passage, when the vessel was taken by a French privateer, her cargo being estimated at 12,000l. This loss broke Mr. Betterton's back, but did not, though very considerable, much affect the doctor; for when the news of his disaster was brought him to the Bull Head Tavern in Clare Market, where he was

drinking with several persons of the first rank, and they condoled with him on account of his loss, without baulking his glass, he, with a smiling countenance, desired them to go forward with the healths that were then in vogue, saying, *that he had no more to do but to go up two hundred and fifty pair of stairs to make himself whole again.*

The doctor appears to have been more particularly intimate with Earl Craven and the Duke of Beaufort than with many others; there is a very feeling letter of his extant, written to the Duke of Beaufort, on the death of Lord Craven, which appears to have touched his feelings very closely, as a sort of warning, for they were all free livers (indeed hard drinking appears to have been the besetting sin of that age); and some time after we find the Bull's Head mentioned again, when, on the death of the Duke of Beaufort, news of which was, I believe, brought to him at that house, while in company, he said to his friends, 'That now he had lost the only person whom he took pleasure in conversing with, it was high time for him to retire from the world, to make his will, and set his house in order, for he had notices within that told him his abode in this world could not be twelve months longer.' And in much less time he died of grief and gout.

I ought to apologize for intruding upon you anecdotes that are most likely known to all your senior readers, but some of the juniors may find them interesting. In that hope I remain, Yours, &c. J. M. L.

NEW COMPANIES—CHARITIES—DOMESTIC IMPROVEMENTS

At a period when improvements of every description are the order of the day,—when monies, to an incalculable amount, are vested in pursuing objects of questionable value and distant attainment, surely the public will not remain much longer blind to the pressing necessity which exists for a decided amendment in a certain article of home consumption, so deteriorated, of late years, as to have become little better than a downright nuisance.

We have gold-mining companies, to fill our pockets (or empty them); milk companies, to improve our constitution; washing companies, to purify our bodies; and institutions without end to improve our minds. We have rail-road companies, to transport us from John-o-Groat's to Penzance without a single jolt; Hamiltonian lectures, to imbue us with learning without the fatigue of study. We have charitable assistance offered to us in all cases of misfortune,—all inflictions from disease. Yet one evil not only exists, but flourishes among us, which is an enemy pressing on every man's 'business and bosom,'—furnishes complaints in every house, from the establishment of a nobleman to the domicile of a green-grocer, and nothing is done to remove it. Parliamentary reform has been talked of ever since we were born, and has engaged many wise heads and loud tongues, without making much progress. Parlour and kitchen reform advances hitherto in the same ratio. But surely this is the time when the nation,

overflowing with money and saturated with talent, will make some grand effort, some virtuous monopoly, or new system, whereby the suffering community may be delivered from the present pestiferous race who falsely style themselves our *servants*, especially the females.

In the present improved state of our manufactures, one would think it was very possible to give such mechanical aids to a set of dressed dolls, as would enable them to go at least as well through the common duties of life as the class ycleped housemaids and servants of all work usually adopts; by this means a great expense of food would not only be saved in the household, but the vexation arising from insolent replies, contemptuous sneers, evasion of some services, and refusal of others, would be spared. The complaint of the Jewish king, 'he that hath eaten my bread hath lifted his heel against me,' one of the most galling emotions that can affect the mind, would not be excited,—and that, in the present state of things, it is so perpetually,—admits of no dispute. Neither will many deny, that the real drudgery of their house is commonly done by charwomen or other extra assistance, or that the chief occupation of servants, who demand from ten to eighteen guineas' wages (salary the young ladies call it) is 'to mince, to dress, to roll the wanton eye.'

The duties of cook or lady's maid could not, we must grant, be so well performed by automaton aid, and it is because they have more to think of that they are not found so notoriously defective as the others; but they are quite sufficiently imbued with faults, to be included in the list of proscription which a new order of things, as instituted by a patriotic company, would create. The latter are all given to *airs*, the former universally prefer a *liquid* element: hence, the upper Abigail tosses her head at the most reasonable demand of service; the lower *reds* through her dominions, to the destruction of crockery and the ruin of the roast; and, from the waste of one party, the negligence of another, and the idleness of a third, a man whose fortune ought to insure him all the conveniences as well as comforts of life, finds himself, his prudent wife, and rising family, curtailed in all that portion of personal expenditure to which they have a right.

That the numerous female charity-schools which include in their plan teaching the girls to sew, clean, brew, bake, &c., have only fulfilled their intention in the first instance, experience abundantly proves; teaching them to read has filled every kitchen-drawer and stuffed the pillows of every bed with novels, and the power of writing has extended the mischievous propensities of some and the facility of ruin to others. The fact is, there is a total want of education amongst them in all the *arts* and *accomplishments* befitting their rank in life, in consequence of which, the few who do possess these qualifications set a price on them beyond the purchase of ordinary housekeepers; and the *pretendus* emulate them in raising the market, the result of which is, that our servants have the helplessness of gentlewomen, without their care and

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prudence, and, having neither cultivated minds nor laborious hands, are, at best, 'cumberers of the ground.'

We appeal to the public to decide whether capital could be better expended than in any plan, whether of speculation, whereby good servants could be made, or of charity, by which, as a species of invalids, they could be cured of their vices, and rendered equal to their duties? It is a scheme every one is interested in promoting, for every one would be benefited by it. Two such buildings as now figure in the Regent's Park would contain a great number of damsels of all ages and sizes, who might there learn, under proper teachers,—

'Well ordered home, man's chief delight, to make,'

and, being excited to emulation in their own department, forget to encroach on that of their superiors.

Schools might be appointed for every gradation of labour, a portion of the expense to be paid by taking in washing, sewing, and knitting; rewards instituted, and degrees bestowed; ill-humour, haughtiness, and disobedience, treated as diseases, and cured by regimen, and the subscribers to the college rewarded by their choice of girls who had carried away prizes for grate-cleaning, bed-shaking, floor-sweeping, table-rubbing, stair-scouring, shoe-cleaning, carpet-brushing, &c. Nothing should be too great for them to attempt, or too mean for them to submit to, which was in the compass of woman's power; every girl in the establishment must be able to clean a knife, to iron a shirt, or wait on a small party: every one must be neat, but none be fine; and, as human vanity must have some vent, and allowance be made for passions, tastes, and affections, in all the children of Adam, they must be taught to be proud of the pureness and brightness of the beer they brewed, the lightness of the bread they baked, the spotless cleanness of the linen they washed, the transparency of the muslin they starched, the love of the child they nursed, and the esteem of the old governess of the ward. We consider these as the legitimate sources of triumph to servant maids, and infinitely more becoming than the superior knowledge of one 'who has read Don Juan,' another who has got a triple-flounced gown, 'handsomer than the young lady's,' or even than a third, who 'knows very well that her master thinks her beautiful, but she should let him see that his nephew is a more proper man for her taste.'

Let no magnificent schemer affect to think this subject unworthy his cogitations: if he can, either by wealth, knowledge, or activity, redeem but a portion of this ruined race to their due station in society, as useful servants to the rich, worthy wives to the poor, and the future mothers of a race who may be blessings or curses of their country—the brave defenders, the ingenious artisans, the industrious agriculturist, or the idle dissolute, who prey on the worthy and betray the weak, he will have done more service to his country than Mr. Hume and all his clerks can calculate.

Other wants may be dispensed with, other

improvements admit of substitutes; but a good or bad servant is found, in a great measure, to constitute the good or bad in our existence. Either we must, in the latter case, submit to perpetual inconvenience, or see our comforts insured by means which harass and annoy us, so that we lose as much as we gain. The days of scolding wives are past, and those of the vigilant bustling housekeeper have passed with them; yet it is certain that many ladies of our acquaintance, are, in a quiet way, perpetually doing things no husband can endure to think they should do, merely to preserve peace and order in their establishments. The 'cook must be kept in good humour;' 'Mrs. Betty, the housemaid, cannot be put out of the way;' 'Marianne does not know how to do any thing;' and 'Lucy would not choose to step out of her place.'

'Discard the lazy vermin of thy hall,' is advice we would be all willing to take, if we could; and, for our own parts, we have often wished that there was patriotism enough in the country, for a large body to be found, who would simultaneously act upon it, if only for a single month, by way of lesson to these 'our most unworthy and disproved masters.'

In either that or any other scheme, we are most willing to unite, which promises relief from an affliction which rests on the house and the spirits with a nightmare influence,—under which, every one we meet seems to gasp and groan, but which no one has the power to throw from him. That there are some too capricious to be ever satisfied, others too tyrannical to be well served, and others too negligent of their servants' welfare to merit good ones, admits of no doubt; but, in the present era such characters are few in comparison of the number of servants whom no kindness awakens to gratitude, and whose total ignorance of their duties renders them incapable of fulfilling them. We have fine forms and fair words, but, alas! these 'butter no parsnips;' and we are compelled to look back with deep regret on a rough-looking but decent race, who were happy themselves and made the houses of our fathers so, and whose hearts and hands were alike always occupied freely, for employers who did not merit them half so much as ourselves.

B.

JOHN NEWBY ON STAGE MORALITY.

SIR,—I've cum to Lunnun for nae other earthly purpose but to vindicate 't great cause of morality on't stage. I tell'd you how I was shock'd to find out that Miss Foote, that I thowt seea vartuous a creature, had been really and downright in keeping. Then cums Mr. Kean, the varra man that pretends seea mitch affection for Juliet and Ophelia, and kicks up sike a row for his Desdemona, he, I say, wha professes sike fine and delicate feelings—seduces anuther man's wife. That's bad eneef in all conscience, but then t' appear on't stage a week after't whole world is disgusted wi' his conduct, is a piece of impudence that it is not easy to owerleak. I mentioned all these points at t' Wrekin, but I fand 't folks there teak quite a different

view ov't matter: they tell me that profligacy is varra common on't stage, and that nae body teak any notice on't till't affair of Kean. They mentioned Mrs. Jordan, wheea was't mistress of a royal duke, and a Mrs. Johnston, wheea left—aye, abandoned, a fond husband, and half a dozen childre, to live with other men, and even yance wi't varra manager and proprietor of't theatre. I heeard several other cases of stage profligacy. 'Why,' says I, 'that's quite eneef, and, as what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, of course, when Kean has been seea severely reprimanded for his immorality, nae actor, be they man or woman, can hereafter appear on't stage without their karacter's unimpeachable. An act like this will, nae doubt, improve 't karacter of 't stage; but then it will expel seea monny clever folks, male and female, frae 't, that I fear it will be lang, varra lang, before we have any good acting. It's varra likely that you and some of the "righteous over-mutch" people mentioned in Scripture may say, "perish the drama, let morality live;" but, thinking them not incompatible, I wish weel to baith, and remain,

'Your varra obliged sarvant,

'JOHN NEWBY.'

Wrekin Tavern, 1st Feb. 1825.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS: AN ODE.

THE following ode on the birth of Burns was intended, when composed, to have been recited before a select party, who were to meet for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary birth-day of 'auld Scotia's bard, in the United States.' Unforeseen events prevented the assemblage of the company, and the verses were never recited. They were subsequently inserted in The New York Commercial Advertiser, with the hope that they might possibly meet the eye and cheer the heart of the once 'Bonny Jean of Ayr':—

The guardian spirit of the lyre
O'er Europe wing'd her way,
And bade the baby muse retire,
And hush the childish lay:
For long the chaste'n'd ear of taste
Had sounds discordant borne,
And Genius wept to view the waste
By Folly done to lore:
And Ignorance, with insulting tongue,
Vaunted the idle song he sung.

The goddess saw 'twas venial all—
The sycophantic strain,
That only knew to rise or fall
As sprung the hope of gain;
As wealth and power, dictators proud,
The fawning minstrel rul'd,
So follow'd be the motley crowd,
To vile subservience school'd;
Debas'd the spirit God had given,
And paid to earth the debt of heaven.

'Twas now o'er Albyn's hills she soar'd,
And chanc'd to list the lay
The soul of Independence pour'd,
In penury's darkest day.
'In thee shall poesy's spirit dwell!
Was straight the goddess' vow;
And lo! on Burns her mantle fell,
And deck'd him at the plough!
Alas! his eye, that hour so bless'd,
Fell on the dying 'Daisy's' breast!

Prophetic strains o'er that lone flower
His gentle spirit sung—
Untimely nipp'd in luckless hour,
Bright, blooming, beauteous, young;
His and the daisy's fate were one!
Life's fitful dream is o'er;
The shaft of fate its worst hath done,
And Scotia's bard's no more:
Immortal strains to him are given,
And Burns his 'Mary' chants in heaven!
Spirit of Scotia's proudest lay!
This social circle greet;
May mutual love our bosoms sway,
And all in friendship meet:
The sons of Albion hither met,
To celebrate thy birth,
Can ne'er themselves or thee forget,
In weal, or woe, or mirth;
And well Columbia's offspring prize
The bard who could a slave despise.
And thou, late partner of his breast,
Accept from friends away,
The wish, that thou and thine be bless'd
Throughout life's latest day;
And from the bard of western skies
Accept the fervent prayer,
That flowers in every path may rise
For 'Bonny Jean of Ayr'
And may her bairns e'er worthy prove
Of Robby's fame and Jenny's love.

BOSTON BARD.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPITAPH

Designed for Alexander Tilloch, L.L.D., &c. &c.
Let 'storied urn' and 'animated bust'
Proclaim the sepulchre of noble dust.—
This humble stone records the name rever'd
Of TILLOCH, to humanity endear'd,
Who, through protracted life, on Virtue's plan,
Adorn'd the native dignity of man
By strict integrity, by warmth of heart,
And mild benevolence, devoid of art,
For all of suffering human kind!—O thou
Who read'st, and soon shalt be as he is now,
Live as he liv'd, improve each talent given
Of pristine worth, and pass from earth to
Heaven!

RHODAMALDI AND GHERALDINE,
A DRAMATIC SKETCH.SCENE: A Forest—Night—A Storm.
Rhodamaldi enters.

Rho. Blow on, ye winds! rend heaven and
earth, ye fires!
Oh, scathe this sinking frame, and end the work
Fell Misery hath begun! This scene accords
Most deeply with my soul. Thou viewless
wind,
Thou canst not fright me! I have that within—
A storm, a clashing storm, whose blast doth
come
With more than tenfold power upon my heart
Than thine on this enfeebled wearied form.
I have a hidden fire, that burns in me,
Whose flash, tho' not so rapid, is more sure,—
More tipt with death than thine, thou mazy fire.
I have deep groans, that bubble from my heart,
More fatal than thy burst, thou loud-voiced
fiend,
That laughest in the fiery air. 'Tis dark!
'Tis as my thoughts. To me is nothing left—
No ray of hope, no fissure in my soul
Thro' which a beam, however dim, might
come.
No matter,—it is well it is not so!
For then 'twould lead me unto hopefulness.

I must court night—her mantle suits me well;
But day's broad garish look I cannot bear.
There is no moon—the clouds are rolling o'er
Her peering disc.—That orb I hate to view,
For she doth seem to mock my misery,
And gazes on my woe with eye serene,
And aspect mild, unchangeable. This night
She bath her troubles too;—the clouds are
dense—
To pierce them is in vain,—and now she pines
She cannot cast her eye upon the earth,
To view, with maiden look, what ought to
shock
That placid modesty so oft extolled
Oh, Gheraldine! my heart still clings to thee,
Tho' thou didst cast it off; and thought, at
times,
Oft brings thee beaming to my darkened eye,
As thou wert once. Oh, frail one, thou didst
blight
A heart and soul that loved thee better far
Than mind can e'er conceive, or words express.
Wife of my bosom! sharer of my bliss!
Why didst thou curse thyself and me by
guilt!
Can I shed tears?—I deemed my withered eye
Possessed no cell where drops like these could
form.
Blaze forth, thou brain, and scorch the fountain
up,—
And with it all my thought! that I may die
An infant's death, with no dark memories
To more than blast my form ere being falls!

[A horn is sounded.]

There is my faithful Marco's warning horn—
Day's light will soon arrive, and struggle
through
Yon deep convolving clouds. I will retire,
And on my couch will try to woo thee, sleep!

[Exit.]

Another portion of the forest.—A lady
and attendant enter.

Alice. This way, signora: the air is growing
light,
We soon shall reach the castle—'tis not far—
Come, lean on me, the storm is nearly gone.
Lady. And mine but now begins! Oh, hide
me still,
Thou night! Sweet girl, I do not need thee
now,—
Thou mayst depart.

Alice. I will not leave thee, lady.
Our journey soon will end, for we are near
The castle. Do not fear, I know it well.
Lady. And so do I,—too well, too well!
There, there
It stands! the last flash showed its towers to
me.—
Oh, I was happy once. Begone, good girl!—
Or, if thou wouldst die—remain, remain!
No, fly, fly! thou hast dreams of happiness,—
The world is pleasant to thy new-born sight,—
To me 'tis dark and witheringly cold.

Alice. What troubles, lady, can afflict thy
heart?
Thou art high-born and bred, and know not
want;
I have felt famine.

Lady. Alice, so have I.
Alice. Ay! now I recollect that, when you
came
Exhausted to our humble cot, methought
That you looked very pale; were you hungry
then?

Lady. Yes! yes!
Alice. But yet you did not eat?
Lady. Dear girl,
Weary me not by questions such as these.
I wish I were as thou art!

Alice. Would you like
To live so poor and work as hard as I?
Lady. Ay, willingly! thy thoughts are cir-
cumscribed,—
Thy heart and form in health—thy soul un-
stained.
I have a heart with darkest crimes defiled,—
I have a form robbed of its wonted grace,—
I have a soul tremblingly ill with guilt.
Now, wouldst exchange with me?
Alice. Dear lady, hie!

[A voice at a distance.]

What ho! Marco.
Lady. Catch me, Alice! I faint, I faint! rest
me

On yon verban bank—there let me die!
Alice. Lean on me, lady! I can bear thy
weight!

Lady. He comes—Hide me, Alice! hide me
from him!

Alice. I see him now—he is noble, lady;
His bearing and his plume bespeak him so.
We need not fear.

Lady. Oh, death, thou 'rt welcome now!
[Faints.]

Alice. Awake, dear lady! he is going hence.
She hears me not—nay, then, I'll call him
here:

He will assist me to recover her.
[Alice proceeds after the unknown, and
loudly calls on him to stop.]

Rho. Maiden, thy suit? be quick! for I'm
in haste

Alice. Signor, a lady's dying near this spot.
Oh, haste thee with me,—she may yet revive.

Rho. A lady dying—sayst thou? Let her
die! [Going.]

Alice. Stay, I pray thee! she is so fair, so
good.

Rho. Most fair, no doubt, she is—but is she
good?

Art sure of that?
Alice. Yes, signor, yes! my life
She is!

Rho. Now will I go with thee, maiden.
'Tis pity she should perish: but, she will die;
I know our aid will be in vain, if she
Be good. Heaven takes its own too soon
again,
And robs earth of its light! Come, let us go—
[They approach the bank where the lady is lying
insensible. He gazes wildly on her face.]

Rho. Gheraldine here! the time is come at
last! [He unsheathes a dagger.]

Alice. Help! mercy! Lady, wake.

Rho. [Unheeding her] I cannot kill thee
Sleeping.—Gheraldine, wake! or thou shalt
rise

Encircled with eternity! thy time
Is brief! once more, awake—to sleep again!
'Tis Rhodamaldi calls! Will not that name
Spur thy lethargic guilty soul to life?

She hears me not—and must I strike her now.
Alice. Thou shalt not harm her, fiend! or if
thou wilt,

Kill her who brought thee to the murderous
deed. [She throws herself on Gheraldine]

Rho. 'Tis true thou lured me here by telling
me

That she was good. Thou fool! thou silly
dupe!—

Yet I forgot myself. Thou'rt one of them;—
But thou appearest honest. Get thee gone,
Or I may pierce thee too, and save thy soul
From future crime.

Alice. Never, thou blackest fiend!
She is good; for myself—I do not care
What fortune may befall me.—View these eyes—

See how the tears are trembling on these lids—
These tears have been her drink—and all her
talk

Hath been of other worlds.

Rho. Has she shed tears?
And can she talk of other worlds? Thou liest!
I have an ear too trusting for thy tongue.

Alice. Indeed she did. Signor, do not kill
her!

But help me to regain the path that leads
To yonder castle.—Thither are we bound.

Rho. Where?

Alice. To yon high castle—'tis not very far.

Rho. Maiden, that castle owns myself its
lord.

Alice. Poor lady! now I grieve for thee in-
deed.

Signor, wilt thou deny her shelter there,—
She who has come so far to view its lord—
She oft has told me that she wished to die
Beneath that roof. Wait but a little time,
Thy dagger will be needless.

Rho. Do I dream!

Is she penitent!—Shedding tears!—that's good,
And tells me she's not hardened in her guilt.
And then her pilgrimage to this old spot,—
If I thought it were so—Oh, Gheraldine.

[Weeps.]

Alice. Signor, I'm glad to see thee weep such
tears.

Thou canst not kill her now.—*What has she
done,*

That can thus tempt thy heart to murder her?

Rho. I am strangely altered!—An hour ago,
A question like to this had driven me mad.
But now I hear it asked almost unmoved!
Her guilt appears a dream—wake her, good
girl;—

I will not harm her. Art afraid of me?

Alice. Her eyes begin to open now.—How
fair

She looks. Who can kill thee, sweet one!
Kill thee!

Speak, dear lady! Oh, do not clasp me thus.
The signor says he will not kill thee now.

Do not fear him—there—there!—Now lean on
me!

Now, look on him, and speak a gentle word,—
For he is weeping bitterly;—do speak;—

Art better, lady?

Gher. Where am I? tell me!—

I've had a fearful wild imagining,
That haunts me still with all its shadowy
might.

Hath it been so? Whose sobs are those I hear,—
They are convulsive ones. Doth misery dwell
In forest-shades—methought it lived where men
More mingled. Oh, I know it all! that voice
I heard—Is he gone? I hope not—for I deemed
To crave forgiveness for my dreadful guilt.

Oh, I could die in peace, if that dear voice
Would sound within mine ear but once again,
As it was wont to do.

Rho. (*Rushing forth, and catching her in his
arms.*) It shall—it shall!

Dear Gheraldine! thy Rhodamaldi calls—
Calls on his love! his wife! his sunniest light!

Awake, sweet love! all is forgiven thee!
Oh, wake thee from thy trance of bitter woe,
To beaming hope? to dearest brightest bliss.—

What, still!—no breath from her pale closing
lips!

Growing cold! no tears, no sighs, to tell me
That her sleeping soul begins to wake—Oh,
It must not, cannot be!—she only faints—

Come, tell me, maiden, is it so?

Alice

Alas!

She's dead!—

Rho. Young girl, thy prophecy was true.—

'Wait but a little time, thy dagger would
Be needless.' Thus you spoke. But I have
now

Murdered her with words. Come, still do thy
work! [*He stabs himself and falls.*]

Rho. Maiden, thou'rt wrong! This dagger
opes the way

To join this sweet, where naught can part us
more.

It is *not* needless.—Life owns this blade its
lord—

Yet death—is not so painful—as—'tis said.

Marco enters.

Mar. My lord! my lord! what means this
dreadful scene!

Rho. (*faintly.*) Take care of yonder maiden,
Marco!—she

Was kind to Gheraldine. My eyes are dim—
How dark it grows!—Oh—

Edmonton.

[Dies.]
J. J. L.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Gallery opened on Saturday
last, with a collection of pictures, which, if
they do not show an improved character in
the English school of painting, give ample
proofs of the industry of the artists. We
have already noticed the premiums offered
for the best pictures of the Battles of the Nile
and Trafalgar, which have produced a very
spirited competition, as not less than thirty-
two marine pieces have been admitted to
contend for the prize. That they should not
all be good, or even passable, will scarcely
excite surprise, when we consider, that
though artists and sailors are both abundant,
yet there are few of the former who have
seen a battle, and not many of the latter who
use the easel. It is, however, somewhat re-
markable, that in a country where the navy
is its boast and glory, marine painting should
have been so little cultivated.

We will not, from the cursory glance we
were able to give at the several battle scenes,
decide on their comparative merits; but we
were particularly struck by those painted by
Sharp, G. P. Reinagle, Daniell, Joseph, and
Cartwright; the latter gentleman is a lieu-
tenant in the royal navy, who has, we doubt
not, witnessed scenes not dissimilar to those
his pencil has described. His pictures of
both battles possess considerable merit, par-
ticularly the battle of the Nile, in which there
is a beautiful representation of a British line
of battle ship.

Mr. Danby has a very clever picture, the
Enchanted Island; it is a poet's paradise, in
which his fondest dreams may be said to be
realized. Mr. Newton also has a good pic-
ture, the *Hypochondriac*—the idea is, how-
ever, better than the execution. Eastlake,
whose pencil is somewhat of a pugnacious
character, has an excellent picture—the
Champion; and Nasymth has some beautiful
landscapes. There are several other pictures
in the exhibition of considerable merit, and
not a few of a very different character; but
want of time at the gallery, and want of
room at present, prevent us from dwelling
longer on the exhibition; we shall, however,
return to it next week, and notice the pictures
more in detail.

*Illustrations of the Novels and Romances of
the Author of Waverley: from Paintings
by A. Cooper, R. A.; W. Brockedon;
and J. M. Wright. 8vo. London, 1825.*

THIS *livraison* contains seven subjects, illus-
trative of scenes in the *Pirate*, the *Fortunes*
of *Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Quentin*
Durward; which, as book embellishments,
are certainly of a superior class, although we
wish that there had been less inequality in
point of merit. Of these the one by Cooper,
Sir Geoffrey Peveril opposing Bridgenorth
in his pursuit of the Countess of Derby,
is in every respect the best plate, whe-
ther in regard to composition, design, or en-
graving: the horses are truly noble ani-
mals, and admirably grouped and contrast-
ed. There is also one design by Brocke-
don; all the others are by Wright. As to
the former, we like it less than we do any of
the others, for we think that the artist has
been any thing but happy in his conception
of the scene, which is that where Quentin
Durward is presenting to the Countess of
Croye the letter of her aunt. Wright has
also a scene from the same novel,—Quentin
rescuing Isabella at the sack of Schonwald,
but neither of the figures have much expres-
sion, nor are their attitudes the best that
might have been imagined. Indeed, this is
the least successful of all the artist's attempts,
and we suspect that the subject was by no
means a congenial one, as there is a want of
taste and spirit in this design that we do not
find in his others. The scene with Nigel,
Trapbois, and Colepepper, is very good, and
possesses much character: the next best is
one from *Peveril*, where the meeting of the
hero and Alice is interrupted by Bridgenorth.
Alice is a charming figure, save that her
person seems a little too matronly; but the
countenance of the Puritan is somewhat de-
ficient in expression.—Upon the whole, we
can recommend these Illustrations to those
who can afford to add to the original cost of
the novels by the author of *Waverley*.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—There are few
subjects on which the world is more di-
vided than on the value of public opinion:
some folks tell us that the *vox populi* is the
vox Dei, while Roscommon, on the contrary,
says—

'Be not blindly guided by the throng,—
The multitude is always in the wrong.'

We, however, are inclined to adopt a sort of
middle course, and, although we have great
respect for public opinion, yet we by no
means deem it infallible. These remarks
arise out of the events which have re-
cently occurred at Drury-Lane Theatre,
where the expression of public opinion, on
Mr. Kean's character and conduct in private
life, has generated into a persecution, which
seems to rest unsatisfied with any thing short
of driving him off the stage. We shall,
perhaps, be told what we have heard quoted
at least nine hundred and ninety-nine times,
that—

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And who would live to please, must please to
live.'

This is, no doubt, true, and, would the drama's patrons mark their censure of actors or actresses whose private errors or peccadillos have become known, by abstaining from the theatres when they perform, we should soon have the votaries of Thalia and Melpomene as chaste, if not as prim, as the Society of Friends.

Public assemblies are never very calm reasoners; and they are frequently led in their decision by a few of the most artful among them. Some of our readers will, perhaps, recollect a meeting at Birmingham for electing a 'legislative attorney' to Parliament, where, although it was declared a positive law, fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, which vary not—that the election should be by ballot, yet Sir Charles Wolsely was chosen by acclamation!

Besides, at a theatre every one conceives he is privileged to do as he pleases, because he pays for admission; and the little urchin who purchases his seat in the upper gallery for sixpence, considers himself entitled to call on a female, exhausted by exertion, to sing a song over again for his individual gratification. This claim of right extends to hissing whom he pleases, to throwing orange-peel into the pit, or to disturbing all around him by his clamour.

In regard to the case of Mr. Kean, we admit that he has outraged public decency by his conduct, and that his appearance on the stage so soon after the disgraceful exposure of his amours, had the appearance of braving public opinion; nor do we blame the expression of it against him: morality was by this means vindicated, and the public appeared to show by its censure an honest indignation at his conduct: here it should have ceased; Mr. Kean should have been permitted to pursue his professional duties; those who make no distinction between the actor and the man should have been permitted to see him; and those who felt shocked at his immoralities might have remained at home.

Much has been said of the quality of that part of the audience which supported Mr. Kean; but really we saw little distinction between his friends and his foes; though, certainly, in point of numbers, the former exceeded the latter; so much so, that on Monday night, when he played, or attempted to play, Sir Giles Overreach, they are estimated at one hundred to one, by a daily paper which has been one of his severest opponents.

We shall not enter into any detail of the tumultuous agitation of the assembly on Friday, the 28th ult., when he played *Othello* in dumb show, though the great body of the audience appeared anxious to see and hear the play; a set of young fellows, however, had come for what they call a row, and they were not disappointed. All was clamour and confusion, and Mr. Kean seemed the only person in the theatre that was unruffled. His acting was serious pantomime in the highest perfection, and, if he be driven from the boards of Drury, Mr. Ebers should secure him for the Opera, if it be only to play *Othello*.

Mr. Elliston came forward, more from a voluntary eagerness to enter on explanation than from the perseverance of the audience, which had considerably weakened. He addressed the house as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You honour me by your silence. I intreat you to attend to me for a few moments: and if any word fall from me which may appear improper, I trust you will attribute it to the agitation under which I labour.—I stand before you as the servant of the public; I come forward as a peace-maker, and I hope what I shall say will not lower Mr. Kean or myself in your estimation. The engagement which Mr. Kean is now endeavouring to fulfil was made in July last. At that time it was not expected that the question which now agitates the public mind would have undergone any discussion. The engagement was for a period of twenty nights, at £50 a night, to commence on the 10th of January, and end on the 16th of March. The present moment is one of too much interest to me to suffer me to quibble or to go nigh a falsehood. I give you my word as a man—as the manager of this theatre—and, as I trust you have always found me, as an honourable man—that I have stated nothing but the truth. I could not break this engagement.—I wrote to Mr. Kean's solicitor and to his friends, and I learned from them that the cause would not be tried. I also wrote to Mr. Kean, during his progress through the provincial towns, to know whether he could fulfil his engagement? and he answered that he would. I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that the best feelings have always subsisted between Mr. Kean and myself. I have assisted him, and he has assisted me. So anxious was I that he should enjoy the full tide of popularity which your patronage has procured him, that I have had a play written for the sole purpose of displaying his talents. One word more, and I have done. I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that I have not endeavoured, directly or indirectly, by any influence or power I may possess, to procure your judgment in favour of Mr. Kean. I have literally suspended the free list—the public press excepted; and I defy any man to say that I have introduced persons into the house for the purpose of influencing your decision. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Kean is in the house, and if you will have the condescension to hear him, I hope every thing may yet be amicably arranged.'

Mr. Elliston then retired, and, after an interval of nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the audience manifested much impatience, he returned, leading Mr. Kean, who had changed his dress, by the hand. The uproar was now at its highest pitch—and with very considerable difficulty Mr. Kean obtained a hearing. Having advanced to the front of the stage, he spoke as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—If you expect from me a vindication of my own private conduct, I am certainly unable to satisfy you. I stand before you as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes. The errors I have committed have been scanned before a public

tribunal. On the occasion, ladies and gentlemen, to which I have alluded, I have withheld circumstances from delicacy, and from regard to the feelings of others, not of myself. It appears at this moment that I am a professional victim. If this is the work of a hostile press, I shall endeavour with firmness to withstand it; but if it proceeds from your verdict and decision, I will at once bow to it, and shall retire with deep regret, and with a grateful sense of all the favours which your patronage has hitherto conferred on me.'

On Monday, Mr. Kean appeared, as we have already stated, in the part of Sir Giles Overreach, and, although his enemies were considerably reduced, they succeeded in rendering almost the whole play inaudible, except in the last act, when his inimitable acting seemed to have momentarily subdued the rancour of his foes, and procured him a burst of applause. He preserved the same firmness throughout, except when an orange, thrown on the stage, had nearly hit Miss Smithson, who played Margaret; then his dark eyes flashed with indignation at the raffianly insult to a female.

After the play, and when our clever little friend, Clara Fisher, was delighting us in the afterpiece of *Old and Young*, Mr. Kean was called for; he appeared, and thus addressed the audience:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have already made all the concessions to an English public that an Englishman ought to do. I hope, for the honour of my country, as I shall, at the expiration of my engagement for twenty nights, take my leave of you for ever (loud cries of no, no)—I hope, for the honour of my country, that this persecution will never reach foreign annals.'

It has been said that Mr. Kean insulted the audience, during his acting, on these stormy nights: no accusation can be more unjust, and no person could have conducted himself more respectfully under the circumstances than he did.

On Wednesday, a new and very pretty ballet, in which there was some good dancing, was produced at this theatre, called *The Rossignol, or the Bird in the Bush*. It was completely successful.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Modern Rome the Dépôt of the Arts!—A letter from Rome states that some valuable copper-plates, engraved by Dorigny and Aquila, from several of the choicest works of Raphael, Annibal Carracci, and other great masters, have been lately destroyed, by order of the librarian of the Holy See, on account of their profane exhibition of the human form divine! Are we returning to the era of vandalism, that such an outrage should be committed in the emporium of the fine arts? or do the Jesuits wish to extinguish every trace of art in Europe, except that of hoodwinking mankind?

Discoveries at Rochester Cathedral.—Mr. Cottingham, in taking down the Corinthian altar-piece, with which this fine Gothic cathedral was deformed at the time of the Re-

formation, the original the choir, carched rec style of the ing off the high altar time glory, fleurs-de-lis liage, fleur arranged i finely contr sist of the l greens, &c. display of a tiquarian t equal curio the effigies chester, in of that peri architectur dour—the zier, mitre, and gorge gilded foli compartme tion of whi rate. A p of the tom tiful carvin place then mens of G ment, and the slighte We under in making from the fr which time vered up, i ing any da

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formation, has brought to view the whole of the original composition of the east end of the choir, consisting of three beautiful Gothic arched recesses and windows, in the purest style of the thirteenth century; and, on scraping off the whitewash, the decorations of the high altar appeared in nearly all their pristine glory, consisting of birds and beasts, *fleurs-de-lis*, lilies, crescents, stars, scroll foliage, fleury-crosses, lace-work borders, &c. arranged in the most beautiful order, and finely contrasted in the colours, which consist of the brightest crimsons, purples, azures, greens, &c. In addition to this interesting display of architectural elegance, another antiquarian treasure has been discovered, of equal curiosity. This is a monument, with the effigies of one of the early bishops of Rochester, in his pontifical robes, judged to be of that period when the arts of sculpture and architecture were at their zenith of splendour—the reign of Edward III. The crozier, mitre, and robes, are tastefully disposed and gorgeously enriched—the crozier with gilded foliage, and the mitre in diamond compartments of jewellery work, the execution of which is in the highest degree elaborate. A part of the architectural decorations of the tomb have also been found; the beautiful carving, gilding, and colouring of which place them amongst the most perfect specimens of Gothic art. Of this elegant monument, and its incomparably fine effigy, not the slightest mention has ever been made. We understand Mr. Cottingham is engaged in making a perfect restoration of this tomb, from the fragments found on the spot; until which time, both tomb and effigy will be covered up, in order to prevent their sustaining any damage.

Fragments of Cicero.—M. Joseph Victor Leclerc, professor of Latin eloquence to the *Faculté des Lettres*, at Paris, has lately made known to his audience some new fragments of Cicero, recently discovered by M. Amédée Peyron, in a *palimpseste* manuscript, at Turin. The most voluminous relate to the pleadings for Tullius and Scaurus, published some years since, by M. Mar, and, in 1823, by M. Leclerc himself; and if they are not yet complete, they, at least, add some precious morsels to the history of jurisprudence, and to the study of the Latin language and eloquence. But the most interesting discovery is that which fills up a vacancy in the celebrated pleading for Milo. Benjamin Wirske, in 1807, suspected that there was an omission, but M. Leclerc, who accords to the second of two new fragments of this discourse much more authenticity than to the first, intends discussing these different literary questions in the text and translation of these new pages, in the only volume that yet remains to be published, to complete the thirty of his beautiful Latin and French edition of the works of Cicero.—*Journal des Débats*.

New Island.—Captain Hunter, of the Donna Carmelita, has discovered a new island in the Southern Ocean, which he called the Island of Onacuse, or Hunter's Island. An officer landed, and had an interview with the king, and several of the natives. He

says, 'All the women and men had their little fingers cut off by the second joint on the left hand, and the former had their cheek bones perforated, and the blood smeared round, about an inch. Some of them were tattooed with a red colour, especially in their arms, mostly in circles about an inch round; they were uncommonly civil, and did not seem at all bashful. The women were all naked, excepting a small covering round their body; and the men mostly wore a kind of mat round their bodies, with leaves of trees woven into them, like a Highlander's kilt.' The island is entirely composed of lava, in some places almost a metal. It lies in the lat. of 15. 31. S. and long. 176. 11. E. by sun and moon, brought up by chronometer, for four days previous.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Dibdin's Criticism and Comforts.—This redoubtable man of large-paper copies and *edi ones principes*, is treated somewhat irreverently and cavalierly by both Blackwood and The Westminster Review. The enthusiastic admirer of *uncut* copies is himself terribly cut up: even his ecstasies and raptures are exhibited in ludicrous light. As a specimen of how he would guide young, and what kind of comforts he would provide for elderly, gentlemen, it may suffice to observe, that he recommends Gronovius's *Antiquities*, thirteen volumes, folio! Gravius's, ditto, twelve volumes, folio! five supplementary folios to ditto; thirty-six folios of the *Byzantine Historians*! and forty folios of Muratori!! This is really tremendous; one hundred and six folio volumes!!—really Mr. Dibdin's comforts would throw us into a fever. These and the Waverley novels would annihilate us, unless he could invent a process of reading by steam, at the rate of two folios per hour.—But, perhaps, after all, our alarm is unnecessary, for Mr. Dibdin may probably mean that we should read only the title-pages: *quere*, does he himself read a line beyond them?—We really wish that, in compassion to our nerves, he had not left us in doubt as to this somewhat material point.

On the Marriage of a very Thin Couple.

St. Paul has declared, that when persons, though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain:
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine
pairing,
Dr. D—gl—s of B—n—t espoused Miss M—n—w—r—g,
The apostle, no doubt, would have alter'd his tone,
And have said, 'These two splinters shall now make one bone.'

Had thy spouse, Dr. Drumstick, been ta'en from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou couldst not, like Adam, have gallantly said,
'Thou art flesh of my flesh'—because flesh thou hast none—
Thou with truth might'st have said, 'Thou art bone of my bone.'

Paper Railways.—We have, during the last month, heard enough of iron railways, which, at the best, can be but clumsy heavy concerns: we are therefore glad, for the sake of all whom it may concern, to add, that the new paper railways, projected by Messrs. Blackwood, Colburn, and Taylor and Co., are a considerable improvement upon them; and that the *railing* is in the most elegant taste, and on an improved principle. Without a figure, then—Blackwood abuses and quizzes the new series of The London Magazine, the London exposes Mr. Colburn's advertising system, and Colburn *advertises*, might and main, against the London; all for the amusement and edification of the generous, liberal, and enlightened public!

How striking an instance does St. Augustine's Monastery, at Canterbury, exhibit of the mutability of all human grandeur. The site of the church of the monastery where kings and queens and the rich and noble were buried—where

'The mass was sung,
And the bells were rung,'

is now a tennis and fives-court! The stately hall where kings were entertained with that splendour for which our ancestors were so famed, is now a common public-house!—and the stately gateway itself (lately a cockpit, and now a brewhouse) is fast falling into ruin from the united effects of neglect and moisture!

Superstitions of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

Yarn spun by a girl under the age of seven years possesses extraordinary virtues: linen made of it furnishes the best bandages for gouty patients; and, when wrought into garments, forms a complete coat of mail, not only against the bullet and dagger, but even against the more formidable operations of witchcraft;—nay, the very yarn itself can be wound into an unerring musket-ball.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

When a stranger enters a room, he should be obliged to seat himself, were it only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.

Women who sow flax-seed should, during the process, tell some confounded lies; otherwise the yarn will never bleach white—Q. Is this the origin of the phrase *white lies*?

Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

When women are stuffing bed-ticks, the men should not remain in the house; otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks.

To rock a cradle, when empty, is injurious to the child.

To eat while the bell is tolling for a funeral causes tooth-ache.

He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in a distant land.

He who proposes moving to a new house must send in beforehand bread, salt, and a new broom.

When children play soldiers on the roadside, it forebodes the approach of war.

When a female drops her garter on the road, it shows that her husband or lover is faithless.

Paulet, Marquis of Winchester and Lord Treasurer, having served four princes in as various and changeable situations, was questioned by an intimate friend of his, how he stood up for thirty years together, amidst the changes and reigns of so many chancellors and great personages? 'Why,' quoth the marquis, *ortus sum ex salice, non ex quercu*,— 'I was made of the pliable willow, not of the stubborn oak;' and truly the old man hath taught them all.

Pious Gourmanderie.—Behold North, Tickler, O'Doherty, Hogg, and Dr. Mullion, seated at Ambrose's, before five hundred oysters, a dozen lobsters, three-score kidneys, a dish of steaks and onions, another of ham and turkey, an epergne of pots of porter and bottles of ale, and *dev!*—Such is the glorious banquet provided for these knights of the round-table, as the reader may convince himself, by turning to page 117 of the last number of *Ebony*. Thus seated, they discuss not only oysters, but characters, books, men, politics, publications, religious and profane, godly and ungodly, canonizing some, anathematizing others;—giving or withholding their *imprimatur* as they in their wisdom think fit, carving turkey, or cutting up Barry Cornwall. 'Have you seen Hannah More's new book?' inquires the baronet—the man of maxims: 'On Prayer?—O yes; 'tis far her best. A really excellent treatise. It will live.—That water could not have been boiling, Timothy.—A plague on that waiter! he thought that the brass kettle would look better, and so he has half spoiled our jorum.'—How amusingly does North jumble together the pious Haunch, More, and his own jorum! These Ambrosians are really excellent fellows; but, notwithstanding their orthodoxy, they seem to have no inclination to fast with their praying. They would but half relish the devout Nelson: they would keep his feasts, and leave his fasts for the reprobate and ungodly—radicals and reformers.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 23	34	44	40	30 72	Fair.
.... 29	32	42	34	.. 72	Do.
.... 30	38	45	45	.. 45	Cloudy.
.... 31	45	50	46	.. 52	Do.
Feb. 1	46	46	39	.. 10	Rain.
.... 2	32	43	45	.. 28	Cloudy.
.... 3	47	47	34	29 50	Stormy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL memoir of the late Dr. Tilloch, Nauticus on Professor Brande's Lectures at the Royal Institution, and a poem on Genius, by Mr. Pennie, in our next.

The article alluded to by R. M. is mislaid, but we have no doubt of finding it, and giving it a place in our next or following number.

Works published since our last notice.—Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, 2 vols. 8vo. 11 8s. Dodd's *Connoisseur's Repertorium*, 12mo. Part I. 7s. 6d. Bowles's *Final Appeal to the Literary Public relative to Pope*, 8vo. 7s. Airy *Nothings*, 4to. 28s. Brydges's *Recollections of Foreign Travels*, 2 vols. 18s. Gil Blas of the Revolution, 3 vols. 21s. Britton's *Wells Cathedral*, med. 4to. 2l. 10s. imp. 4to. 4l. 4s.

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